A E Herrick

The Bethel News.

MANY of the Little Girls have secured a beautiful doll by getting a new subscriber for the NEWS. There are dolls enough for all; why not secure one?

DON'T put off subscribing for the NEWS another month for you will get four the less copies of the paper.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

$1.25 Per Year, in advance. BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 23, 1896. Vol. II. No. 17.

BETHEL DIRECTORY.

ARRANGEMENT OF MAILS.

Mails Close.

GOING EAST 8.30 a. m. 3. p. m. Closed mail for Portland and all points beyond 3.15 p. m.
GOING WEST. 10.10 a. m. 4.15 p. m. For Albany 7.10 p. m. For Lakeside and Intermediate offices, 11.45 a. m.

Mails Arrive.

FROM EAST 11.00 a. m. 4.45 p. m. From Portland and points beyond 7. a. m.
FROM WEST 7. a. m. 12. a. m. From Albany 3.15 p. m. From Lakeside and Intermediate offices 2.30 p. m.

OFFICE HOURS; 7 a. m., to 8.30 p. m., Sundays 9 to 10 a. m. 12.30 p. m., 6 to 6.30 p. m.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street.

PASTOR, Rev A. Hamilton, Residence, Main Street.

SABBATH SERVICE, Preaching 10.45 a. m., Sunday School 12 m., Epworth League Devotional Service, 6.15 p m., Gospel Meeting, 7.00 P M.

MONDAY, Epworth League business and Literary Meeting first Monday in each Month.

TUESDAY Class Meeting at 7.30.

WEDNESDAY, Ladies' Circle first and third Wednesday evening of each month.

FRIDAY, Prayer meeting 7.30.

SATURDAY, Junior League 2.30 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,

Rev. F. E. Horton, Pastor. Residence next door to church

SABBATH SERVICES; Preaching 10.45 a. m.; Sunday School 12 M.; Y. P. C. U. 7.00 p. m.

CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH.

Rev. Israel Jordan Pastor.

SUNDAY SERVICES; Preaching 10.45 a. m.; Sunday School 12 m.; Y. P. S. C. E. 6.00 p. m.; Prayer Meeting 7.00 p. m.; Wednesday Eve'g Prayer Meeting 7.30 p. m.

MIDDLE INTERVALE BAPTIST CHURCH.

SABBATH SERVICE, Preaching at 10 30 by Mr. Geo. F. Green Sunday School 12. m. C. E. S. at 4 p. m. Wednesday. Social service 4. p. m.

SOCIETIES.

ODD FELLOWS.

MOUNT ABRAM LODGE NO. 31, Meetings: Saturday evening each week. Officers:—N. G., G. G. Kimball V. G., E. E. Shaw Per. Secy, Henry Farwell. Rec. Sec'y. O. C. Bryant, Treas., A. I. French.
Trustees. { C. Bisbee, G. A. Burbank, Charles Mason.

SUNSET REBEKAH LODGE, No. 64, meet 1st and 3rd Monday at I. O. O. F. Hall.—Officers; N. G., Anna French; V. G., Minnie Frost; F. Sec., Marcia Hastings; R. Sec., Jennie Gibson Treas. Ellen Burbank; War., Marcia York; R. S. N. G., Susie Frost; L. S. N. G., Ava Finney; R. S. V. G., Eva Barker; L. S. V. G., Ella Bryant; Chap., Jennie Philbrook; I. G., Lydia Parker; O. G., T. B. Kendall. Con. M. Gibson.

MASONIC.

BETHEL LODGE, NO. 97., Reg. Com., 2d Thursday every month., E. S. Kilborn, Master, A. W. Grover S. W., J. H. Barrows, J. W. R. W. Chandler, Treas., J. C. Billings, Sec.

OXFORD R. A. C. NO. 29., Stated Convocation 3d Thursday, every month, D. G. Lovejoy, E. P., L. T. Barker, K., Chas Mason, S., J. C. Billings O. F., J. A. Morton, P. S., N. E. Richardson, R. A. C., M. W. Chandler, Sec., E. S. Kilborn, Treas.

GRAND ARMY.

BROWN POST, NO 84, A. H. Hutchinson P. C., A. M. True Adj't. Stated meetings first and third Tuesday evening each month.

THE W. R. C. Meet first and third Tuesday evening, of each month, Mrs. Mary Bean, President, Mrs. Cyrene Littlehale, Sec.

UNITED ORDER OF THE GOLDEN CROSS.

GRAND VIEW COMMANDERY, NO. 484, meets 2d and 4th Monday evenings at 7.30., J. H. Barrows, Noble Commander., Mrs. Carrie Allen, Vice., Fannie Bisbee, Nob. Keeper of Records., Mrs. Sophronia W. Grover, Financial Keeper of Rec. Calvin Bisbee Worthy Treas. Dr. J. A. Morton, Worthy Pastor, F. H. Durell, Worthy Herald.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

HELPING HAND LODGE No. 227, meet every Thursday evening at Ladies Relief Corps Hall.— Officers; Chief Templar, E. A. Barker, Vice Templar, Vira Parker. Secretary, Fred Farwell.; Financial Secretary Jennie Merrill. Treasurer, C H. Davis Chaplain, Mrs. C. O. Foster; Marshal, F. Eastman. D. M. Frank Leach. Guard, E. Hutchinson, Sent, Chas. King L. D., C. O. Foster.

UNITED ORDER OF PILGRIM FATHERS.

SUDBURY COL., NO. 50; John B. Chapman, Gov; F. C. Park, Secy; E. S. Kilborn, Treas. M. W. Chandler, collector.

BETHEL CORNET BAND.

D. H. Young, Leader.

Meets every Friday Night.

A. S. Kimball. M. L. Kimball.

KIMBALL & SON,
Attorneys at Law,
NORWAY, - - MAINE.
All business will receive prompt and careful attention.

The Celebrated
WITCH HAZEL
TOILET CREAM
—For Sale by—
L. C. HALL.

WANTS, LOST, ETC.

Notices under this head inserted one week for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

FOR SALE.

Parlor Set and table for sale. Enquire at E. E. Burnham's.

FOR SALE.

Ladies' Bicycle, easy running and in good repair; cost $70, will be sold at a bargain. Call at No. 20 High St., Bethel, Maine.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A House on High street 7 rooms. City Water. Rent only $6. a month. Inquire of

J. B. Chapman.

FOR RENT.

The house just vacated by Miss E. E. Burnham No 2 Park St. This is one of the most desirable rents in this village. The house has 7 rooms, and is in first class repair.

Ceylon Rowe.

FOR SALE.

1 pair drawing harness,
1 nice speed cart,
1 new steel plow,
6 shoats.
Will sell cheap for cash or trade either for a good farrow cow.

John B. Chapman.

For Sale.

The Bethel Chair Co. have a quantity of dry hard wood, stove lengths, for sale. Any one in want of good wood will do well to call at the office of the Co.

Bethel Chair Co.
Bethel, Me.

FOR SALE.

The Hannah Watson house and lot at West Bethel. This property is to be sold at once and offers a good opportunity for anyone contemplating purchasing. It will be sold at a low figure for cash. If you want it, do not delay, but call and see us and learn prices, etc.

The owner has left it with us to sell.

Herrick & Park.

NEWS ABOUT HOME.

What our People are doing. Items of Interest, etc.

"A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

Miss E. E. Burnham is in Lynn, Mass.

Frank Leach is sick with the measles.

Mrs. E. Foster has gone to Portland to spend a week.

Mr. Harvey Philbrook started for Florida Saturday.

Arthur Richardson is recovering from rheumatic fever.

Durward Mason hurt his hand quite badly one day last week.

Mrs. E. A. Wyman and little child are in Bethel this week.

The members of the Epworth League met with Miss Lula Bryant.

Mr. Thomas Campbell has received a visit from his brother, Charles.

Eddie Barker had the misfortune to jam his foot quite seriously a short time ago.

Mrs. Harriman and little son, also Miss Wight, occupy the Kimball rent on High street.

Rev. Mr. Hamilton has returned from his visit to his home in Nova Scotia, where he spent three weeks.

The regular teachers' meeting will be held at the superintendent's home at 2.30 o'clock next Saturday.

Several of our people attended the Norway Fair Friday. Wednesday Bethel was well represented there.

Mr. S. W. Potter of West Bethel furnished the NEWS office crew with a supply of nice apples yesterday.

Miss Alice Chamberlin is attending the "Bellows school" in Portland preparatory to entering Wellesley.

Miss Edith Walker has gone to Farmington and other places to visit relatives; she will be away several weeks.

Clarence Fox, Sam Gibson and Sherman Hazelton started for Umbagog lake yesterday for a two weeks fishing trip.

J. G. Rich has been very sick for the past week. He is a little more comfortable, but does not seem much better. His very many friends sincerely hope that he will soon rally and be out again.

C. M. Wormell, J. C. Billings, Ed Herrick, Geo. Hapgood and H. C. Barker start Friday for the Lakes on their annual fishing trip. They will be joined Monday by several Portland gentlemen.

The friends of Mr. Abial Chandler are glad to learn that he has so far recovered from his recent illness that he is able to be on the street again. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler intend to spend the winter in Portland.

The Ladies' Club will give the first of a series of entertainments at Garland Chapel on Friday evening Sept. 25th, at 7.45 P. M. There will be songs illustrated by tableaux, a Beethoven duet for the piano, an original poem and three groups of recitations by Mrs. Wm. Rogers Chapman. Ices and cake served in the intermission. Admission 15 cts. Children 10.

Judge Woodbury is to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Edwards at Fort Fairfield during the State Conference of the Congregational churches, which is to be held there Sept. 22–24. Mr. Woodbury was chosen as delegate from the Oxford Co. conference, also from the church in Bethel; he also has a part on the programme.

The following is the Time Card for trains leaving this station:

Trains leave Bethel for Portland and East at 5:45 A. M., 8:50 A. M; 3:34 P.M.

For Gorham and West 10:27 A. M; 4:33; 9:01 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Going East 8:50 A. M.
Going West 9:57 A. M; 9:01 P.M.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Mrs. Lottie Burnell is visiting her parents.

Fred Allen has been to the Lakes for a few days.

Mrs. A. Wood was visiting in Norway last week.

The Blake bridge on G. T. R. will be finished this week.

Mr. Ira Russell is visiting his half brother, Mr. J. C. Billings.

Miss Martin of Auburn is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. R. Haynes.

Charles F. Abbott, who has been very sick the last week, is slowly gaining.

Miss Percie Foster of Newry was visiting at C. O. Foster's last Monday.

L. L. Briggs and family are moving into Mr. Philbrook's rent on Church Street.

Rev. A. Hamilton will preach at Newry Corner next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

Sheriff Wormell went to Berlin Sunday on the excursion to help keep order on the train.

Miss Sadie Abbott, who has been teaching school at Wilson's Mills, returned home yesterday.

The Bethel Praying Band will hold a meeting at Mason next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

Mr. Fred Edwards and wife went to Fort Fairfield Monday, to visit Mr. Edward's brother, D. E. Edwards.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Foster and little boy Wilfred spent last Tuesday at Orrin Foster's at Newry.

Mr. Marshall Lawrence has returned to Bethel to be under the instruction of Miss Mary True.

Mr. Allie Lawrence and wife have returned to their home in Boston, having visited Mr. Lawrence's parents.

A tramp was arrested Tuesday, and brought before Judge Rich, who sentenced him to thirty days hard labor in Paris jail.

One of the smart huskers among the little boys at the factory was Harry Purington, who husked eighteen and one half bushels last Saturday.

Mrs. D. L. Perkins, correspondent to the ARGUS ADVOCATE of East Boston, Mass., has returned to her home after a delightful six weeks spent as the guest of Mrs. F. C. Douglass.

W. C. Swan, piano and organ tuner for the Oliver Ditson Co., of Boston, will be in Bethel about Sept. 25. Orders addressed to box 312, Bethel, will be attended to at that time.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Roberts and little boy have returned to their home in China, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Morgan spent last week at Norway visiting relatives and attending the County Fair.

Mrs. R. H. Penley has returned to her home in Middleboro, Mass., after a pleasant two weeks spent with her son, Milton Penley.

Woodsom Mason and wife, who have spent the summer with friends in Bethel, started Monday on their return trip to Southern California.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Frost congratulate them on the arrival of a new baby. It is not the kind that will be of much use to its father in forging horse shoes, but may later on help its mother in the weary monotony of household duties.

The coming woman is the subject of a good many jokes, but the woman sometimes has more sense than the joker. Bethel has a type of the coming woman; one night recently, she trudged off after a physican in the middle of the night for her father, who was sick, and the next night, she took a tramp to the lockup and locked him up.

Fernando S. Bennett died in Bethel Saturday, Sept. 12th, and was buried Sunday afternoon. The funeral service was held in the Universalist church, Rev. F. E. Barton officiating. Mr. Bennett was a member of Co. G., 30th Maine Regiment, and has an honorable record as a soldier. He leaves a wife and three children. The bearers were old army comrades.

News has been received from Indiana of the death of Mrs. Harriet Butters *nee* Harriet Twitchell. Several years ago Mrs. Butters suffered from a shock of paralysis, from which she never recovered. She came to Maine and spent some time with her aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Twitchell, but finding only partial recovery possible, she returned to her western home. Bravely she fought the battle of life. Her husband died several years ago, leaving to her care three children. Nellie, the oldest, is now in South America. Lula, the comfort and stay of her invalid mother, died three years ago. One daughter is left in the home to mourn the loss of a loving, earnest Christian mother.

Mrs. Frank Needham has returned from South Paris, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Cook.

The subject of the discourse at the M. E., church next Sunday will be "The Thorns of Iniquity, or the Ethics of Politics."

Mr. W. R. Chapman advertises an auction sale of his horses and carriages on Saturday next. This will be a genuine, unreserved sale, and comprises the balance of carefully selected stock which was not sold last season. Mr. Chapman's plans make it imperative to go out of the horse business, and although he expects to lose money he will let them all go for what they will bring. Mr. Chapman has spent much money buying nice horses, and he has some specially well bred ones in the present list: Robenia, the five year old bay mare, is considered one of the greatest mares ever brought to Maine, and could have taken a race record of 2.24 at South Paris last week had Mr. Chapman been willing to mark her. There are five horses in this sale who can beat 2.30 on a half. mile ring, also Nibs with a record of 2.22 besides some finely bred fillies by Rumor and Conrad. This is a rare opportunity to get a good horse cheap. W. R. C., the five year old gelding, is the best green horse on this year.

Israel Granville Kimball.

Israel Granville Kimball, who died Sept. 16th at his home in Bethel, was born in Bethel, April 24th, 1826, and was educated in the town schools and at Gould's Academy. December 8th, 1850, he married Lavinia H. Dustin and settled upon the paternal homestead. Two sons and three daughters were born to them. The sons reside on the homestead. One daughter married Edward Blake, and resides in Montana, one married Augustus E. Philbrook and resides in Shelburne, N. H., and one resides in Bethel, the wife of Edwin Bean.

Mrs. Kimball died in 1893. Since her death Mr. Kimball had been in poor health, but able to attend to business up to the 13th inst., when blood poisoning made its appearance, and he died as above stated, retaining consciousness until the last.

Mr. Kimball was highly respected by his fellow citizens, having represented his town in the legislature, served on the board of selectmen and as assessor and collector of taxes and road commissioner for many years. He was an ardent republican and one of the most successful organizers in Oxford county, yet his opponents respected him, knowing that he acted from principle, not from prejudice.

He attended the meetings addressed by Mr. Wellington and Ex-Gov. Dingley, and was deeply impressed with the importance of the state election. He lived to hear the results, but was not permitted to participate in the vote. The state has lost a good citizen, the town an honest, upright man, and the neighborhood in which he lived an obliging and kind friend, the family an indulgent, kind and affectionate counsellor.

The F. and A. M. took charge of the funeral services, which was held in the church. The house was beautifully decorated with potted plants, and a wreath of "Immortals" lay upon the casket. A select choir rendered appropriate selections under the direction of Joshua Howard of Hanover.

THE TWO BILLIES.

A CAMPAIGN SONG.

To the Tune of Doris.

Billy Bryan wanted much, a President to be,
So he made a little scheme to coin silver free;
The people they want "solid mun,"
Do not trust "Sixteen to One,"
Bryan's surely left this run,
The White house he won't see.

CHORUS.

Billy Bryan, you won't be "in it"
When we vote for gold,
Billy Bryan, you will find out,
For silver you've been "sold."
Billy Bryan—next November
You'll be laid out flat;
We will look, but we will not find
The "Orator of the Platte."

But there's another William, who is in the field,
To the foes of good sound money he will never yield;
The working man shall have his gold,
The farmer's wheat shall then be sold,
And back will come those days of old
Protected by this shield.

CHORUS.

Bill McKinley, you'll be "in it"
When we vote for gold.—
Bill McKinley, you will find out
The silver men all are sold,
Bill McKinley—next November
We will surely see,
That we're protected, when you're elected
By a large majority.

S. Faulkner, Chicago.

CHRONICLES OF THE TENNIS CLUB.

The fast fleeting weeks of summer have held much enjoyment for the members of this enthusiastic Club, including guests for whom the magic circle has widened. "The Fagot Fire" in June, Mrs. Chapman's "Loving Cup Reception," and two delightful evenings when the Club were the guests of the Bethel House guests, brought them happily to the middle of August, when the President's concert grand piano gave a "Christening Party" at "The Elms." The Tennis Club gravely assumed the responsibility of sponsors, promising to defend it from the desecration of trashy music; and because of its noble proportions it was decided to treat it as royalty. Therefore it bears a kingly profusion of names, Beethoven Mozart Chopin Schuman Gehring, to be called "Beety" in the privacy of the Club circle. On this important occasion a pleasing programme was rendered by Miss Eames, the Misses Carter, Miss Chapman, Mr. Norman Gehring and Miss Lillian True, interspersed by Miss Wiley's clever reading and by a graceful, original poem by Miss French. After the program the Club was divided into rival halves, who entered into an enthusiastic contest as to which should first discover an historical event, an article mentioned in historical literature, or a person mentioned in certain epochs of history, as suggested by the President, who was greatly gratified to find how well read and accurately informed are our Bethel boys and girls.

Next in order of pleasures came Mr. Geo. Merrow's "Rack-ride." This public spirited member came dashing gaily down from West Bethel with a spirited span, and a rack, as little associated with its name-sake of the Inquisition as is in the nature of such pleasure vehicles to be, when filled with hay, bright afghans and cushions galore, flying flags, and the Club presented a spectacle that brought smiles to the faces of all fellow-travelers, as they rattled away for a fourteen mile drive. A gipsy tea at Maine's Lake, and a row on the lovely, emerald hued, hill embosomed sheet of water, filled young hearts quite a brim with pleasure. If the light and airy step of youth seemed weighted the following day, there was no connection whatever between the fact and a fourteen mile rack-ride. Perish the thought! Never in the annals of the Club has a proposed special meeting caused an involuntary sigh, till the "Bowdoin Boys Send-off" was announced. For three years, summer and winter, this band of young people have met weekly, and—but for the departure of the dear girl whose entrance into the "higher life," has never made a sense of separation come into their lives—no permanent absence has occurred. Now two of the original members were to enter the broader field of College experience. Boys no longer, but stepping upon the threshold of young manhood. Therefore a rather quiet group assembled in the Studio Saturday evening. The following program was rendered:

Romanz (violin and piano) Spohr, Norman Gehring.
Poem, "The Tennis Club", Cornelia French.
Song, Mrs. Gehring.
Club Prophecy, Florence Carter.
Baritone Solo, Geo. Farnsworth.
Poem, "Going Away", Bertha Wiley.

Miss French wove into rhythm the story of the Club; its aims, and happily marked results.

Miss Carter, having suddenly acquired the gift of "second sight", amusingly portrayed the future business, social and domestic relations of the individual members, while Miss Wiley's pathetic appeal to the already over-charged hearts, brought tears, which were not far from the surface that last Saturday night. Ices and cake having been served, the President asked the plans of each member for the coming year.

Ethel Richardson, Florence and Barbara Carter, Ethel Eames, George French, Robert Foster and Geo. Farnsworth are to be earnest, ambitious students.

Cornelia French, Bertha Wiley, George Merrow, and Durward Mason are to be equally earnest and ambitious teachers. Joan Stearns is to be in Portland as a student of stenography; with journalism in view. Arthur Turner returns to Oberlin. Edwin Gehring resumes his work at the Institute of Technology. Marshall Lawrence continues with Miss True. Bert Rowe is fairly launched into business life. Fred Merrill enters Bowdoin College. Norman Gehring enters the Medical Department of Bowdoin College, intending to take a University course in Europe or America in some special branch of science upon his graduation. Lillian True teaches music and German.

"Not one club-member without a purpose," proudly commented the President, adding, mentally, "Of such are our future men and women of education, cultivation and influence." Then followed one of the heart to heart talks which have marked the little epochs in the life of the Club, and as the voices joined for the last time in the hymn endeared by so many associations, "God be with You till We Meet Again," the music was none the less sweet to loving listeners, because the tones were faltering.

The Club has resumed its work, and all are interested in hearing about England in the Elizabethan period. A Conservatory Class in music has been formed for sight reading, with the promised delights of part-songs in the near future, and a happy, purposeful winter seems assured.

The Mission of Women.

BY GILBERT TILTON.

Can you tell me the mission of women,
Ye sages of knowledge, profound,
Can you show why she in her station,
A second to man should be found?
When she of the finer perception,
A slave to absolute power.
Proscribed by the will of a master,
Ever to tremble and cower.
At the beck and whim of a master,
Of him who in travail she bore;
Can you tell me, ye lords of creation,
Why she should not come to the fore?
To the station of that of a tutor,
To the child, him whom she hath borne;
To guide and direct and endow him,
To honor his earthly sojourn?
Why, woman hath stood from beginning
As staff for degenerate man,
A fortress, a screen of protection,
As none but the woman e'er can.
She stands like the rocks of the mountain,
To plead for the dissolute man,
The sins of a nation engulf her.
Oh, why such a merciless ban?
From the day of the fabulous story,
The garden created by Him,
She hath borne the heat of the battle,
The brand of original sin.
No safeguard, no bond of protection,
No word in the counsels of men,
No suffrage allowed to the woman,
She must hie her away to her den.
And if by the right of petition,
She enters her protest to save,
From proscription her little belongings,
Her hopes are here crushed by the knave.
Who claims that disgrace is upon her,
For deigning to gently protest,
E'er the bonds are fastened upon her,
"By him who her savings would wrest.
A slave to the victim of Bacchus,
A slave to the demon of drink,
She weeps o'er the child of her bosom,
Beholding him cling to the brink.
With naught but her pleadings to save him,
With naught but her prayers to save,
From the cup that drags to perdition,
From the cup that dooms to the grave.
Humanity, liberty, justice,
A travesty on all that is good,
A blot on our fairest escutcheon,
Too long on our banner hath stood.
Awake from your lethargic slumbers,
Oh, woman, the hope of the world;
To save from the thraldom of ages,
May your banner of light be unfurled.
The light of an era advancing,
May glow like the rays of the sun,
The dawn of ineffable glory,
Such as never yet hath begun.
Again and again we enjoin you,
To take up the gauntlet as one,
And swear by the powers eternal,
That the aim of life shall be won.

NOTICE.

The person who lost a silk umbrella at the fair ground in Bethel at the recent fair can learn the whereabouts of the umbrella by calling at the NEWS office.

GOULD'S ACADEMY NOTES.

Colds have been prevalent in school the past week.

The first compositions of the term are due Oct. 9th.

For convenience, the school has been divided into three divisions, and a portion of each Friday afternoon is to be spent in the study of some standard works in English and American literature.

Miss Alice Bean went to the Maine General Hospital last week and has had a very critical operation preformed. The surgeons give encouragement that she will recover permanently. A host of friends hope the most sanguine expectations of the doctors may be realized.

Last Tuesday afternoon as Ivan Arno and Wendell Philbrook were playing in Mr. Philbrook's barn, Ivan fell from the high beams to the floor. A terrible accident must have been the result if a coat and a bit of hay had not slid down in advance of him. Mr. Dana Philbrook carried the little fellow home and Dayton Merrill went for the doctor, who upon examination could find no bones broken or any serious injury.

NEW MEXICO LETTER.

Dear Editor:—

It has been a long time since I have sent a letter to the NEWS, not because you were forgotten, but because I had so much to say, and one gets but little time to write when they are going here and there sight seeing as I have been this summer, but now I am back at the College, hard at work once more, I will try and send you a greeting now and then.

The last week of College was as busy a one as I predicted, and after a few days rest I packed my trunk and started for California. The first days ride was to Albuquerque, and as I have taken you over the ground in one of my previous letters I will not weary you with repeating, will simply say that everything was parched and dry, even the Rio Grande was hardly wider than the Mill Brook, and in many places one could cross on horse-back and raise a dust all the way. After waiting from 9 P. M., to 3 A. M., at Albuquerque I took the west bound train; was up about 5.30, found that we were at a little Indian town called Laguna, we were detained here some little time and the train was surrounded with Indians selling pottery and curios. I did enjoy watching the Indian women walk down to the train with great water jars on their heads; they asked but one dollar each for the largest jar, and I wanted one so, but they are such awkward things to carry that I had to leave them. All day long we were crossing Arizona; at one place I saw the Indians' dwellings in the rocks just like the cliff dwellers. The heat was intense and as mile after mile of country passed looking just like the preceding miles, I simply tried to rest, panting for breath all the time. Late in the P. M., we reached Flagstaff, a large lumbering town, but in spite of the business air it had, I could see, but little that was attractive. Wednesday night from two to seven in the morning we were crossing the desert. I never suffered so with the heat as I did all night, the dust was so thick that the car window could not be opened, but all were alive in the morning. From the time I arose until we reached San Bernardino I saw quantities of tree cacti. From San Bernardino to Los Angeles was a pretty ride, we passed through North Pomona and Pasadena, the latter town looking very beautiful even from the car window. All along the way I saw such an abundance of flowers and vines of all sorts, the houses were nearly covered with them; the lawns were elegant. I had but half an hour for dinner at Los Angeles, upon the table at which I ate was an immense bowl of carnations. I could not resist the temptation to take one as a souvenir of Los Angeles. And now I am on the way to San Diego. It is beautiful all the way, for the first time I see the graceful pepper tree and the tall eucalyptus tree. I also saw the magnolia in bloom, and in one place a tree full of oranges; avenues of palms were common. These were the things that struck me at the time, but they grew to be so familiar a sight during my stay that I would pass them almost without notice. At San Jose I saw the old Mission, and it looks exactly like a picture I have of it. Soon after leaving San Jose I saw the ocean, and the rest of the way to San Diego it was constantly before us. Was it the Pacific? It looked so much like the dear old Atlantic that I began to dream that I was riding up from Portland to Bethel, but soon some strange sight would dawn upon me and I would realize that it was not in old Maine that I was travelling, but in far famed, beautiful California. We reached San Diego about seven; as my train for Lakeside had left at five I was obliged to spend the night here. I went to the Brewster Hotel, and as I registered, the clerk said: "Your friend and her husband left here this afternoon, they expected you yesterday." After a hearty supper, I went out to look around a bit. I was quite favorably impressed with the city, for it was cool and nice. When I returned to the Hotel I found my friend had telephoned to me. We held a little conversation together and she informed me that one of the gentlemen connected with the hotel at Lakeside would call on me. I was going up stairs to the ladies' parlor when a gentleman came up beside me and asked if I was Miss Gibson. I began to wonder if I was labeled, every one seemed to know me. I of course told him it was I, and he introduced himself as the gentleman my friend said would call. The next morning about eight he called with his team and took me all around the city until my train left. In this way I was able to see considerable of the city; there are many very elegant homes, but what struck me as rather peculiar was that they were nearly all of wood. I found this to be the case in nearly all of the California cities particularly in the south part of the state. They told me they were considered much more healthy in that climate than stone or brick. Some of the lawns were simply elegant; all kinds of evergreens trimmed in all sort of shapes and every tropical plant you can think of. A little after nine I took the Cuyamaca and Eastern R. R., train for Lakeside, it is 20 miles inland from San Diego in the San Diego Valley. All the way I saw acre after acre set out in fruit trees, every run is as regular as though run by a tape line. Most of the trees are young, but it will be an immense fruit country in a few years; lemons, oranges, olives, apricots and many other kinds of fruits grow in this valley. I found my friend and her husband at the station, and after a short drive we reached Lakeside Hotel, a fine house with beautiful surroundings, both of which I will try and describe in my next letter. Asking your kind indulgence for the enclosed I will say *Adios*.

Ellen F. Gibson.

Mesilla Park, Sept. 10th, 1896.

RUFE EISELE'S BILLIARD BALLS.

They Were Not Ivory or Celluloid and Were Never Turned.

"How does it come that you have red, white and blue billiard balls?" asked the whip salesman of Rufe Eisele, who keeps the Brant House at Sloop Creek.

"'Tis kinder extraordinary, ain't it?" said Rufe. "But somehow or another extraordinary things happen down here. You wouldn't believe it if I told you that I had them balls afore I had the table. I bought the table for $40 from Bart Greenleaf, and he won it at a raffle up to Asbury. That table's wuth plum $250, and the balls is just a gift of nature—come by a special act of Providence, you might say. You never see balls just like them before. They ain't ivory, and they ain't celluloid. If they was celluloid, they wouldn't be here now. They ain't this patent putty composition that they make cheap pool balls of either. Just what they are I ain't prepared to say, and I 'spect that the nature of the material these were made from is changed from what it was at first.

"I'll tell you how I come by 'em, and you'll learn what extraordinary things can happen down hereaways. A year ago the 18th of June there was a party of Brooklyn fellows down here, and they set out for a good time. They fetched cards and chips with them and 'lowed to play poker until 4 o'clock in the morning and then go fishing. I sot up with them and took a hand in the game. We were setting at that round table, and it was pushed over in the corner between them windows. 'Long about 12 o'clock I was mixing drinks for the crowd, when I heard thunder and mutterin and see flashes of lightning. I told them fellows they'd better move away from the windows, but they laughed at me.

"One fellow had been winning right straight along. He had a big pile of chips in front of him, and they was in his way. So he began stacking them up according to color and laid 25 of each kind in stacks side by side on the window sill. Meanwhile the storm broke and the lightning played hob around the house. The party got kinder scared and jumped up promptly when I proposed to all to go to the bar and have a drink. I was just setting out the glasses when there was a swish of lightning that turned the whole air blue. I didn't hear any thunder, but I see big balls of fire dancing round the room, and one of them hit me right on the breast and knocked me down behind the bar. Every man in the room was hit plumb in the gizzard with a ball of fire and knocked flat. I don't know how long it was before we all come to and took our drinks, but I do know that the storm had passed. I looked round and was surprised to find that nothing had been hurt. After the follows all took their drinks they wanted to play poker again and started for the table. There the fellow that had won most of the chips put up a holler about them. He said somebody had got 'em.

"I didn't b'lieve that possible, and I told him that the lightning had probably knocked them offen the window sill. Then he looked on the floor under the table and said, 'I don't see no chips, but here's a billiard ball,' and he picked up a red ball. Now I never had a billiard ball in my house before, and I thought that he was playing a trick on me until one of the other fellows moved his feet and rolled a white ball out on the floor. I picked it up and found it was hot. A minute later Ike Hicks gave a whoop and held up a blue billiard ball, saying it was the first he ever seen in his life. Then it come to us all at once that the lightning had struck them poker chips and melted 'em into solid balls. P'raps they ain't quite as regular as some, but they answer all our purposes."—New York Sun.

ART AMONG THE ESKIMOS.

Clever Carvers In Ivory and Some Who Can Sketch.

We did much entertaining, as we were continually visited by different members of the tribe of 200 or more. They were content to sit and share the warmth and shelter of our house and gaze on the curious things it contained. They would turn the pages of a magazine by the hour, and, holding the book upside down, ask questions about pictures. What particularly pleased them was anything in the shape of gun, knife or ammunition. Of eating they never tired. The amount of food they consumed was astonishing, and they particularly reveled in our coffee, biscuit and pemmican. This love was manifested by a little ditty that they sang quite often:

Uh-bis-e-ken,
Uh-pem-e-kem.

The women are very clever with the needle, and as most of us had adopted the Innuit boot of sealskin which required frequent mending, they were always in demand. In mechanical ingenuity they are remarkable. Both men and women are carvers in ivory, and the tiny figures—human as well as animal—that they fashion in this material, although somewhat crude, show no mean ability. This skill is also to be remarked in regard to the use of the peu-oil. One of them, As-sey-e-yoh, drew from memory a steamer in perspective, with the reflections in the water, and that, too, in a suggestive and artistic way.—Frank Wilbert Stokes in Century.

THE BETHEL NEWS.

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Bethel,	Wiley's Drug Store.
South Paris,	Shurtleff's Drug Store.
Norway,	Stones Drug Store.
Rumford Falls,	C. Clifford.

Bethel, Maine, Sept. 23, 1896.

BETHEL LOCALS.

J. F. Stearns of Lovell was in Bethel yesterday.

Geo. W. Ridlon was in town from Rumford Falls, Tuesday.

Guy Holmes brought some ripe field strawberries into the NEWS office Monday.

There have been al out sixty new books added to the Bethel Library recently.

Mr. Daniel Spearing and wife have gone to visit Mr. Spearing's parents near Byron.

Buck has something that will interest you for Life Insurance; call and see him or send your age and occupation.

The corn shop finished up business last night after a most successful season. The pack has been a large one.

Percy Bartlett, Arthur Wiley and Fred Allen spent last week at the Lakes hunting and fishing. They report a first class time.

Mrs. B. F. Hunt and son Harold, who have been stopping with Millie M. Holt and visiting friends return to their home in Avon, Mass., to-morrow.

Mrs. Wm. Reed fell in the floor at her home last Monday and broke her leg near her body. Her sister, Mrs. Noyes, is caring for her.

Mr. Wm. F. Green, who has been supplying the pulpit at Middle Intervale church, has gone to the Theological school at Newton, Mass.

Two or three bicycles for sale regardless of cost or worth. Must be sold at once.

Call on S. N. Buck.

Lumber Mills and Other Property Burned at Berlin.

Berlin, N. H., Sept. 19—The lumber mills, cabinet factory, grist mills and considerable lumber owned by the Berlin Manufacturing Company were destroyed by fire tonight. A strong wind prevailed and for a time surrounding property was in danger. A large force of mill hands and others aided the firemen in preventing the spread of the flames. The burned buildings covered a large area near the railroad depot. A large number of men will be thrown out of employment. The loss is about $50,000 and is partially covered with insurance. The fire caught near the engine room.

STATE NEWS.

South Portland is disturbed by sneak thieves.

The will of the late George P. Barrett makes the handsome bequest of ten thousand dollars to the Maine General Hospital.

One of the finest drinking fountains in the state has been placed in Central square, Gorham, the gift of Hon. Isaac W. Dyer.

The Penobscot Chemical Fibre Pulp mill at Oldtown, is shut down this week. Cause, surplus of pulp and little demand.

The Kennebec county grand jury rose Monday morning after a week's session. They report 77 indictments, mostly for disobeying the liquor law.

Mrs. Clara Emma Getchell was sentenced Monday morning, to imprisonment for life at Thomaston, for poisoning her husband in Sidney in 1894.

Fire last week destroyed two dwellings at Calais; one was owned and occupied by Arthur Jones, whose loss is $1,000; the other by Ward Hooper, whose loss is $500. Both were fully insured.

The shoe store of Hobbs Gooch in Kennebunkport was broken into late last night and a quantity of goods stolen. The safe was opened, but no money secured. No clue to the thieves so far has been found.

During the past summer hundreds of dollars worth of pearls have been taken from a brook in Benton, Me. The pearls are found in fresh water clams, but not of an edible variety.

In Eastport yesterday afternoon the three year old daughter of Sumner Mitchell was run over by a truck loaded with tin plate and instantly killed. By some means she got in the way of the horse and before the driver could understand the situation she was under the wheels.

The shooting affray at Medway, resulting from the rather exuberant celebration of the election, was aired in the Bangor Municipal Court Saturday. The action was for rioting, brought against Geo. Mason, John Dasey, Charles Lakeman, Fred Lakeman, James Dority and John O'Brien, and was brought by John G. Fiske of the Fiske House, Medway, where the shooting occurred. All the prisoners pleaded not guilty and the case was settled.

You want a new Watch this fall

BUY THE BEST,

WHERE IT'S CHEAPEST.

Our Watches

...Knock out all others

in STYLE,
in PRICE,
in FINISH,
in DURABILITY.

AND no other watches can knock them out, because most of them are incased in FAHYS gold filled watch cases, the handsomest in the world, and proof against anything.

The best watch in town for the money. That's our Motto.

☞Satisfaction guarented or your money back.

Edward King, 6 MAIN ST., Near Depot. **"The Jeweler,"** Bethel.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Sept. 29-Oct. 1—Androscoggin Valley Fair, Canton.

Secretary Farrington of the Maine Fish and Game Association says the season of '96 and '97 will be the best for many years for big game, moose, caribou and deer being unusually plentiful.

A writ has been served in a suit for libel against the Lewiston Daily Sun Publishing Co., brought by E. L. Thompson of Monmouth, upon whom it is alleged the paper attempt to fasten a charge of murder in the Monmouth case. Damages are fixed at $5,000. The writ is returnable in the Kennebec Supreme Court at the October term.

Mr. Bryan is coming to Bath to visit Hon. Arthur Sewall and will pass through Portland next Saturday. He is expected to arrive at Portland on the noon train from Boston and will make a speech from the front of the Union Station immediately on the arrival of the train. He is to speak at Bath Saturday evening.

Joe P. McKinley died yesterday from the effects of a bullet wound in the hip by the accidental discharge of a revolver in the hands of Walter Bascomb at North Pond, Belgrade, Sunday, where the party was camping. The bullet penetrated the adbomen piercing the intestines. The immediate cause of death was peritonitis. His age was 25 years. He is survived by a wife, parents, brother and sister.

A party consisting of a gentleman and three ladies had an unfortunate experience on the small beach opposite Spring Point ledge, at South Portland Monday afternoon. They were driving a span of horses along when the animals struck the quicksand and were unable to proceed further. The high spirited animals struggled some, but the more they struggled the deeper they went. The party alighted and some gentlemen near by who had witnessed the incident came down to render assistance. The carriage wheels had sunk to the hub, and the horses were in a worse condiction. The forward legs had only gone down to their knees, but behind they were buried nearly to the top of their backs. With some difficulty they were extricated and the party drove away.

The much talked of vein of gold quartz on George Lebroke's farm in Foxcroft has been assayed and shows a good per cent of gold. A company is now being formed to make excavations and test the ore at a greater depth. The vein is several feet wide and lies between a ledge of limestone on one side and sandstone on the other.

M. N. McKusick, special counsel for State, and Deputy Sheriff Foster of West St. Andrews, N. B., have succeded in getting the consent of Lala T. Lola, John Stearns and Wallace Nicholas, the three Indians suspected of murdering Michael MacMonagle Wednesday last, to return to Maine without extradition papers. All efforts to recover MacMonagle's body have been unsuccessful.

Mr. Frank Libby of Soundwater street, Westbrook, an employe at the S. D. Warren & Co.'s paper mills, met with a peculiar and serious accident at the company's plant yesterday noon. In the assorting room of the rag department is a box in which is kept the buttons and foreign material removed from the rags used in the manufacture of paper. After picking out what buttons he wished he came across a peculiar looking metallic article. In examining it he picked it with his knife; an explosion followed which shattered his hand and badly lacerated his face. It is supposed that the article was either a dynamite cap or a small bomb. The rags came from foreign countries, principally from China and Japan and the explosive was something different from what Mr. Libby had ever seen before. A physician was called and found Mr. Libby's hand badly injured, but by removal of a portion of three fingers and the thumb it is thought the remainder of the hand will be saved. The injury to his face was not a very serious one, but will leave a bad looking scar.

Don't forget that S. N. Buck can write your insurance as cheaply as anyone, and that he is anxious to do it.

Rev. Philip H. Morse, pastor of the Saco Congregational church, took a header from his bicycle Friday night and was so badly injured as to remain a long time unconscious. He has practically recovered, but was unable to occupy his pulpit Sunday.

Courageous Women.

It is thought remarkable that a bevy of young girls over in New York state should have gone to the rescue of a man whose crops were threatened by army worms, and by the assistance which they were able to give prevented the destruction of his property. In point of fact, however, the same sight can be seen in Pennsylvania when the invader is something worse than the army worm. Often when forest fires creep close to the farmers' homes the wives and daughters of the farmers join the men in fighting the flames, with all the courage and spirit of the men themselves. They do not imagine that they are doing anything remarkable, either. Under almost any circumstances the women of a nation can be trusted to do their full duty.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Collarettes.

The fichus, berthas and spreading lace collarettes have very largely taken the place this hot weather of any sort of cape, but often after sunset there is need of some kind of covering for the shoulders. This is in many instances supplied by a very full collet of silk, liberty satin or velvet. The cape does not meet in front, extending only a little beyond the chest near the shoulders, and its adjustment is accomplished by means of ribbon which passes under the arms and buttons in the center of the shoulders under the cape. The fronts are turned back, forming revers revealing a pretty lining of mauve, pink, old rose or canary yellow brocade. Some of these collets are no more than 12 inches in length, but they are very full.

She Killed the Moths.

It isn't always well for a woman to have too many ideas. One of my acquaintances has just had one too many. It was in regard to a beautiful mink cape of hers, brand new last winter. She packed it away last spring with some absolutely infallible moth balls. As a consequence when she took it out for examination a fortnight or so ago she found a few moths in it. Immediately she had her idea. She would steam that cape. She did it. She put it into a big steamer and steamed it for two hours. The furrier thinks that by careful management he may be able to make a tiny collarette out of the remains. However, the steaming killed the moths. —Washington Post.

Greek Styles.

The Greek women, those arbiters of fashion's claim, must now be taken as examples and followed. Those women had waists of perfect beauty, these modern clothiers of women have suddenly discovered, and the cast of the future waist must be upon the Greek model. The beauty and the grace of the lines of the ancient women of Greece are now in the minds of all Parisian women, and the reform has not started in any lukewarm fashion, but has suddenly become the watchword and the rigid law. And so what writers, doctors and specialists without number have been unable to do Dame Fashion has accomplished.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A New Hatpin.

Many substitutes for the spiking hatpin are offered from time to time, but none long supersedes these useful if somewhat dangerous articles. A late claimant for popularity is what may be described as a double tined hairpin attached by a piece of elastic to a clamp pin, which in turn is fastened to the hat. In theory this fastener is excellent and in practice it holds the hat on, but it also disarranges the coiffure to a degree that is likely to interfere with its popularity.

Mme. Yang Yu.

Mme. Yang Yu, the Chinese minister's wife, says the Philadelphia Ledger, always has in her Washington drawing rooms a number of well known young American girls to assist at her receptions. The pretty little oriental lady is singularly anxious to master all, even the smallest points, of Washington etiquette, although her natural charm of manner would make her attractive if she violated the most iron clad traditions of diplomatic ceremony.

A Bicycle Waterproof.

Manufacturers are catering in every possible way to the bicycle age through which we are passing. A late addition to the wheelwoman's wardrobe is the bicycle waterproof, to be worn while riding. It is a short cape, suitably cut for the purpose for which it is intended, and, when adjusted, falls protectingly over the handle bar.

The Difference In Roads.

There are civilization, enlightenment and economy in good roads. Good roads lead to prompt and steady attendance upon church services, schoolroom duties, neighborly intercourse and social advancement. Bad roads lead to profanity, worry, trials and tribulations and lots of time.—Galveston Tribune.

A Good Thing.

Every good road is a monument to itself. Every bad road is its own destroyer. People who know a good thing when they see it like pleasant, serviceable roads.—Exchange.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Bethel, Maine, Sept. 9, 1896.

Dear Sir:-

I saw in the BETHEL NEWS that you gave a doll to any little girl if she would get you a new subscriber for the BETHEL NEWS; so I have got you one, and I want you to send it to Mrs. A. S. Hodgman, Mechanic Falls, Maine, and my doll to me by mail. My name is,

Mary A. Bryant.

OUR FLAG.

At the end of the War for Independence between England and America, the Americans wanted a flag that would always be used in the United States. They made the flag of red, white and blue. Red for courage, white for purity, and blue for truth. The stars were of white, the background which hold the stars, of blue, and the stripes of red and white. At first there were only thirteen stars, one for every state. As more states were added to the Union more stars were added to the flag.

At the time of the Civil War, both the North and the South fought under the same flag. When the war was over the West began to be settled, and one after another, the states were admitted to the Union until in 1896 there are forty-five stars. The flag of the United Sates floats the most gracefully of any in the world to-day.

Grace Eaton, age 12 years.
Natick, Mass.

OUR FLAG.

Our flag is not simply a piece of cloth with stars and strips upon it. The flag has the history of the nation told upon it. Other flags look nice in the breeze, but the American flag looks and is the best of all. It is in the colors of red, white and blue. The white stars are set in the piece of blue cloth. It seems to represent the blue smoke of the battle-fields, and the purity of the men who fought for it. The stars represent the states, and the stripes the thirteen original colonies.

Harry White, age 14 years.
Oak Grove School. Natick, Mass.

The Children's Party.

By L. B. E.

At one o'clock this afternoon
The house was clean and neat;
And off the kitchen floor, almost,
Your dinner you could eat.
The chairs were placed against the walls,
The playthings laid aside,
And all the dolls sat primly up
In chairs, side by side.
Alas, and alas! 'tis a woeful sight,
The way things are changed at the time I write!
What is the matter, do you say?
My daughter is six years old to day,
And has had a birthday party.
The little folks all had a jolly time;
I think they would all vote the party "prime";
And none of the pets, of course, were rude,
But—some of the chairs have come unglued,
The parlor carpet is covered with cake,
And I fear I shall need a garden rake
To clean up after the party.
The baby's playthings are scattered round,
For the basket was broken up, I found,
The lounge one of its legs has lost,
Doll's faces are covered with pencil marks,
The tidies are all awry on the chairs,
And household order but poorly fares
Now we've had the children's party,
But yet how the darlings enjoyed the day;
How happy they were at their merry play.
The cheeks flushed pink, and the eyes shone bright,
And truly they were a pretty sight,
The children who came to the party.
Little best dresses, dainty and sweet,
Trim little shoes on trim little feet,
Big ruffled collars and neckties bright,
Some eyes blue, some dark as night;
Curly and crimped and waving hair,
Each mother knows who was the sweetest there,
This afternoon at the party.
But there, this writing I must stop;
My head spins round like a humming top;
To think that I sit here and write,
With everything in such a plight!
House more disorderly never was seen,
And I think that my daughter will be sixteen
Ere she has another party.

Feb. 7th, 1895.

Harbor Fryeburg.

Dear Editor:-

I am going to try and get that pretty present that you spoke of in your last paper. I have been working up to the corn-shop. I earned enough to buy a pair of shoes. I got acquainted with a lot of little girls up there. I worked husking. There are five little girls and two little boys that I have to play with. I have some fun, I tell you. I shall be glad when school commences for I like to go to school and I hope other little girls do. I wanted to go to the corn shop today, but it rained.

From your little friend,
Elizabeth B. Macalister.

Fryeburg, Sept., 17, 1896.

Dear Editor:-

I have been up to the corn shop; I earned a dollar up there, and I bought me some shoes. My school commences Oct. 5th. Byron McKeen is going to teach. I wish Mr. Stone, our committee, would have our school begin sooner, so Jack Frost won't bite my toes.

Enid E. Macalister.

A GOOD NAME.

We came near having a dreadful time the other day at Lorry Lane's, and the only reason we didn't was that Amy Storrs has such a good name. I mean the kind of good name that it tells about in the Bible, where it says that it is better than rubies.

You see we were playing blindman's buff, and Amy was blinded. She was running about, trying to catch us, and all of a sudden she ran up to Lorry and caught him by the arms. Lorry stood still and hardly breathed, but Amy said right off, "Lorry! it's Lorry!"

"*You peeked*"! said Lorry, out rudely just like that. It sounded almost as if he had struck her, and we were all shocked, for you know that it is a dreadful cheating thing to peek.

As for Amy, she grew very red and pulled the handkerchief off her eyes, and said, "Why, Lorry, I never did; I wouldn't do such a thing!"

But Lorry said, "Oh, it is all very well for you to say you wouldn't, but if you didn't, how did you know me so quick, without moving your hands?"

"I smelled the jockey-club," said Amy; and then we all laughed, for Lorry is *such* a dandy, and always puts scent on his handkerchief.

But he was very mad because we laughed, and he said, "I know you peeked!"

Then Amy looked at us, and there were tears in her eyes. "Girls," she said, "do you think I would do such a mean thing?"

"No indeed," said Susy Brooks; "no, indeed, we don't. Why, Lorry, she never will so much as open her book after the recitation bell has rung."

"And she won't listen when I want to prompt her in class," said naughty, good-natured Patty Scott; "she'd rather miss first."

"And she tells on herself whenever she does wrong," said some one else.

"And she always gives the right report."

"And is just as true as steel," said Lorry's cousin May; "and as brave as a lion, for all she's such a gentle little thing. Why, Lorry, you must remember how she got up before the whole school and told how she spilled the ink, when nobody need have known."

I think that Lorry began to be a little ashamed, because although he never tells lies, he isn't always as particular about things as Amy is. And pretty soon he said (and we all thought it was rather nice in him, because boys do not like to beg people's pardon): "Well, Amy, I guess you're right, and I hope you'll not mind what I said."

"And you will believe me?" asked Amy, anxiously.

"I don't see how I can help it when you have got such a good name," said Lorry; and so everything was all right again.

And when I went home I looked up that text in the Bible, and made up my mind to try and see if I, too, could not have a good name.

—PLAY DAYS.

PRIZE OFFER.

Vacation has come and gone. The little folks, all of them, we hope, have been having a pleasant time, and better still, helping others to have pleasure, too. Some have been away visiting, or camping among the beautiful lakes of Maine, or watching the incoming and outgoing of the tides at the seashore. Others have stayed quietly at home, but have found plenty of amusement there. Now the long happy vacation days are gone, school has begun, and the little men and women are sitting before their desks once more, learning lessons that shall fit them for lives of worth and usefulness. We want to hear about the good times they have been having, and offer this week a nice prize for the best letter on, "How I Spent My Vacation," to be written by any boy or girl under fourteen years of age. The age of the writer, neatness of the letter, punctuation, penmanship and spelling will be taken into consideration when the prize is awarded. The letters must reach us before the 6th of October, as the winner's name will be published in our issue of October 7th.

We shall trust to the honor of our boys and girls to write the letter entirely alone, with no assistance whatever from parents or friends. A prize only half won would bring no pleasure.

The prize will be a nice book.

We want to hear from the children in regard to the prize contest. There are only two weeks left now in which to write the letters. "How I Spent My Vacation", is a good subject to write upon, and we want to receive a great many letters from the boys and girls.

Our premium offer of dolls for little girls and knives for boys who obtain one new subscription to the NEWS, accompanied by $1.25, is still open. Quite a number of children have brought in subscriptions, and all are delighted with the premiums they have received.

Two premiums have been given this week, both dolls, one to Adna Burnell, of Bethel, and the other to Nina L. Kimball, of Albany. We want the little girls to come into the NEWS office and see the new stock of beautiful dolls we have just purchased, to be used as premiums. Every little girl who sees them will want one. We have one elegant doll which will be given as a premium for three new subscriptions. Our stock of new knives should interest the boys, too; two, three and four bladed ones, with pretty handles.

Additional Premiums.

Some additional premiums have been given on exhibits at the Riverside Park fair; C. E. Valentine received the first prize for potatoes, H. & W. Farwell for corn, and A. R. Tuell for oats. For best and largest assortment of garden vegetables, T. H. Chapman took the first prize, and Charles Valentine second. Henry Farwell took the first prize for squashes, and Mr. Hayford second. Some fine specimens of bread, dairy products, etc., were on exhibition, and the following premiums were given. Mrs. Charlotte Cummings, first prize for cheese. Mrs. Eli Barker, Mrs. I. H. Mason and Henry Farwell, in the order named, took the prizes for best butter; Mrs. Eli Barker took first prize for wheat bread, with Mrs. Fred Bean second, while Miss Vesta Woodis took prizes for both white and brown bread made by a girl under fifteen years of age. The three prizes for cut flowers were taken by Mrs. Volney Davis, F. B. Tuell, and Mrs. Fred Bean. Mrs. Elbridge Wheeler and Mrs. Fred Bean took the two prizes for jelly.

HISTORIC TRAGEDY.

CONVICTION OF JOSEPH LESURQUES AND THE SAD SEQUEL.

An Unfortunate Resemblance and a Fatal Combination of Circumstances Caused the Execution of a Man Whose Innocence Was Afterward Established.

Although Lesurques was executed as far back as 1796, though his innocence was established in 1801, though his property was restored to the family in 1824, the corps legislatif, after the family had tried for over half a century to have his memory judicially rehabilitated, definitely refused in 1869 to perform this last remaining act of justice. The pedantry of French law forbade the questioning of a jury's verdict by any one save the person directly interested. But though the law has failed to remove the stigma on the name of an innocent man, literature and the drama have made him a popular hero. "The Lyons Mail," in which his honor is thoroughly vindicated, has been one of the most popular of all French melodramas, and the combined genius of Charles Reade and of Henry Irving have made it one of the great successes of the modern English stage.

Poor Lesurques, who, when he perished on the scaffold, was but 33 years of age, was a good husband, a good father and a good citizen. He married, in 1790, Mlle. Campion, a lady of respectable family in Douai and possessed of a handsome dowry. Their children therefore were very young and it was in order to give them the benefit of a superior education that he relinquished a public appointment at Douai and came to Paris, there to live on his own private fortune, which amounted to about 7,500 francs a year. He had but just arrived in the capital and was superintending the furnishing of his new home when the thunderbolt fell.

On April 27, 1796, the mail coach between Lyons and Paris was attacked and plundered and the postilion and courier were murdered. There were no witnesses to the crime, but it was reported that a party of horsemen had been seen in the vicinity at about the time it was committed. These horsemen had taken dinner at an inn at Montgeron. One of Lesurques' friends named Guenot was arrested on suspicion and his private papers were seized. There was no evidence to hold him on except that he answered the description of one of the supposed murderers, and he was dismissed. Next day he was told to call for his papers at the central bureau. He was accompanied thither by Lesurques, an act of madness on the part of the latter had he been guilty.

It happened that just at that time the judge was taking the depositions of witnesses who lived in the neighborhood of the scene of the murder. Among these were two maidservants of Montgeron, who uttered simultaneous screams at the appearance of the two friends. They were put into the witness box and swore positively that two of the horsemen were present in the audience. When confronted with Lesurques and Guenot, they positively identified them. Both were arrested and thrown into prison. At the trial four other witnesses corroborated their testimony with equal emphasis as regarded Lesurques, but were doubtful about Guenot. The latter succeeded in establishing a satisfactory alibi and was released. The former's attempted alibi seemed to break down badly when the daybook of the jeweler, Lagrand—to whom he swore he had sold a bill of goods on the very day of the murder—was produced in court and the date of the charge was found to have been altered. In vain the jeweler protested that the first date was a mistake, which he had immediately corrected, and he and all the other witnesses for Lesurques were looked upon as self convicted perjurers. Lesurques was found guilty and executed, together with one of the real murderers, named Courriol, who, on mounting the scaffold, confessed his own guilt, but declared the innocence of Lesurques. Doubts began to arise as to the justice of Lesurques' sentence and finally it was discovered that he had suffered through an extraordinary resemblance to one Dubose, the real criminal, who was brought to justice in 1801, convicted and executed.

This deplorable case had most deplorable sequels. The unhappy Mme. Lesurques went mad on hearing the news of her husband's condemnation. The children were as yet too young to understand their trouble, but as they grew up one thought alone possessed them—that of vindicating their dead father. It is easy to understand how brooding over this purpose drove one daughter to the madhouse in which her mother had been confined.

It is curious that one of the witnesses against Lesurques—the woman Alfroy—also went insane from grief and remorse at her error. Still another victim was another daughter of Lesurques, who, worn out by the fruitless struggle with the pedantry of the French laws, drowned herself in the Seine. His son left France, took service in the Russian army and courted and found death there. As regards Lesurques' fortune, which had been confiscated, his unhappy family were more successful. In 1824, just 28 years after their father's death, they obtained a grant of 244,000 francs, supplemented in 1835 by another grant of 252,000 francs.—London Public Opinion.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

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THE NEAREST YOU

can come to this in Oxford County is at the ware rooms of the BETHEL CHAIR CO. where you can purchase fine

OAK CHAMBERSUITS

FORMERLY SOLD FOR 40 TO $50

FOR $20. AND $25.

We handle all our goods from first hands directly from Factory

We also keep in stock

AT BOTTOM PRICES

Spruce Boards, Joists, Lathes,
Shingles, both Spruce and Canadian Cedar.

BETHEL CHAIR CO.,
Bethel, - - - - Maine

My Stock Consists Of

Spruce Dimensions, Lathes, Clapboards, Shingles, Bass, Whitewood, No. Carolina, Norway, Spruce Western and Sap Pine Sheathing.

Doors and Door Frames,

Outside and Inside Thresholds, Windows, Window Frames, Stool Caps, Band Casings, Sur base, Weights and Cord.

Cedar Sash and Frames, Blinds and Blind Trimmings. Screen Doors, Whitewood Mantle Shelves, Hood Brackets, Framing Pins, &c. Window Screens made to order. Piazza Posts (Whitewood and Pine), Turned and Sawed Balustrade Newel Posts, Stair Rail and Balusters. Yellow Birch, Rock Maple, So. Rift Pine and Spruce Flooring, Western Pine, Cyprus, Sycamore, Mahogany, Quartered Oak, Whitewood, Gum, Black Walnut, Oregon Cedar Cherry, California Redwood and Native woods in stock.

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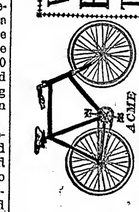

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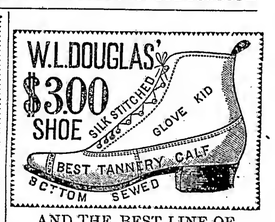

AND THE BEST LINE OF

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS

To be found in the County.

We have a Ladies' and Misses

JACKETS AND CAPES

In a great variety of of styles and prices.

Men's, Youths' & Boys' Clothing and OVERCOATS **CHEAP.**

OUR LINE OF DRY GOODS, Ladies' and Gent's furnishing goods is now complete for the season.

FLOUR & GROCERIES AT LOW PRICES.

CEYLON ROWE, Bethel, Maine.

NORWAY

High School.

Fall Term Begins September 21st, 1896.

Four courses of study are offered, College Preparatory, Latin Scientific and English, requiring four years for completion; also a Business Course of two years, in which a Business College System is used.

Students wishing to prepare for our leading Colleges and Universities would do well to investigate the opportunities afforded at Norway. Especial attention given to Mathematics and Elementary Science. An experienced Greek and Latin Teacher is employed. Earnest, thorough work is done in class-room exercises, and personal instruction given whenever needed or desired.

The Business Course is especially designed for those who contemplate entering a Business college or intend to learn a trade. The studies in this course are conducted by the Principal, who has had a thorough Business education.

A low rate of tuition is charged those students who do not reside in the town of Norway.

Arthur G. Wiley, A. B. PRINCIPAL
Elinor F. Hunt, A. B.,
Mrs. Alma Hayden,
Assistants.

NOT WHAT WE SAY, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla Does, that tells the story of its merit and success Remember **HOOD'S CURES.**

Ivers & Pond Pianos.

THE two characteristic features that have given the **Ivers & Pond Piano** its enviable position in the piano world are the beauty of its tone and its remarkable durability. Tone quality, the adaptability to express musical thought, is the distinguishing feature between the artistic and the commercial piano. The richness, the purity, the infinite shades of expression in the **Ivers & Pond** tone attract and fascinate musicians the world over. Combine with this the absolute evenness of scale, crisp, responsive action, and simple elegance of design and finish, and the reasons for the popularity of the **Ivers & Pond Piano** are as plain as day.

W. J. WHEELER,
SO. PARIS, - - - ME.

TAUGHT TO DO BY DOING
GRAY'S PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE
SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING SCHOOL
OFFICE PRACTICE FROM THE START.
Dry Theory Discarded. Send for Free Catalogue.
L. A. GRAY & SON, Portland, Me.

H. C. BARKER,

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Doors, Sashes Window Blinds.

FOOT OF HIGH ST., - BETHEL, MAINE

C. L. DAVIS,

General Trucking and Dealer in

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Trucking of every kind promptly attended to. Orders to be left at house.

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MAIN STREET, - - BETHEL, MAINE

BUSINESS *Education.*

Actual business by mail and common carrier at

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PORTLAND and Augusta, Me.

F. L. SHAW, PRINCIPAL. - PORTLAND.

Lovejoy House,

W. F. Lovejoy & Son, Pro'ps,

BETHEL HILL, - - - MAINE.

This popular house has been repaired since last season, the stable and outer buildings have been moved to the rear of the house, thus leaving the view of the Mountains unobstructed. Parties wanting a quiet summer home will find this one of the most desirable places in the Mountain region.

DR. J. B. KENDALL'S

BLACKBERRY BALSAM!

A SURE CURE FOR

Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera and all Summer Complaints.

KIMBALL BRO'S & CO., Sole Pr's

Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

PRICE 25 CTS.

For Sale by R. E. L. Farwell.

DR. C. L. BUCK,

DENTIST,

SOUTH PARIS, - MAINE

It is our aim to save teeth, not destroy them.

We visit Lockes Mills every second Wednesday.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

E. E. WHITNEY & Co.,

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Marble & Granite Workers.

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First-Class workmanship.

Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work.

Get our prices.

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Sporting - Goods,

Guns,
Rifles,
Powder,
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For sale Cheap

To reduce my stock of Harness I will make special prices on them for cash.

Fly Nets, Horse Boots, Trunks and Bags at the lowest prices.

YOUNG'S Harness Store.

LIFE, FIRE & ACCIDENT Insurance

placed in reliable companies.

Rates as low as can be made anywhere by

Safe and Square Dealing Companies.

ALL LOSSES Promptly Settled!

Call on or address,

S. N. BUCK,

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BETHEL, MAINE

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

The County News.

SHORT PARAGRAPHS Collected by our Local Correspondents, for the BETHEL NEWS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

You are earnestly requested to send us the news from your locality every week. If you get out of stationery drop us a line.

In every town where we have not already got a correspondent we would like to make arrangements with some person to furnish us with items. Write us.

NORWAY.

The B. F. Spinney & Cos. shoe factory shut down one day to allow their help a chance to see the county show.

The Congregational Sunday School have added 125 new books to their library for the benefit of the young members.

The electric road did a big business during the Fair week. Four cars were constantly in motion between South Paris and this village.

The ball in the Opera House last Wednesday evening was a success, music being furnished by Stearns and Norseworthy's full orchestra.

The Grand Trunk gravel crew were busy last week on the branch railroad. Several train loads of gravel were dumped to be used in grading up the track through the swamp.

The band had a four days engagement last week on the fair grounds. The director, Prof. Frank Knapp (formerly leader of a band and orchestra with Cleveland's Minstrels), presented a high class of music, which is not often heard on such occasions. The grand stand audience fully appreciated the concert given each day.

EAST BETHEL.

Miss Mattie Tracy has returned to Colby University.

A number from this place attended the County Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Wight spent the past week with relatives in this place.

Mr. Charles Swan is at home from Newton, Mass., on a short vacation.

Mrs. Wm. H. Tracy recently visited her aged mother at Corinna, Maine.

Mr. Harry Crane and Mr. Butler of Avon, Mass., are spending a part of their vacation at this place.

Rev. Mr. Bounds of Locke's Mills will preach at this place Sept. 27th, at the usual hour, three o'clock P. M.

Mr. A. M. Bear, Mr. Fred Cole and Dr. Cole of Washington, D. C., are visiting friends at this place; they go to the Lakes this week.

DENMARK.

A. P. Merrill is very sick.

Mr. Berry came to town Saturday.

Mrs. Sarah Saunders came to town last week to visit friends.

Rev. J. A. Corey, Presiding Elder, will hold a quarterly meeting at East Denmark Monday evening, the 28th.

Freeman Berry of Portland, for many years ticket agent in one of the depots there, and son of the late Lorenzo Berry of our town, has bought the "uncle Billy Bean" farm of Geo. R. Bean's widow for $3,000, and will take possession at once. We understand Mrs. Bean will buy a place in Hiram.

Chas. Wood, in coming from Brownfield last week in the evening with several other teams, locked his wagon wheel into the wheel of Mrs. James Wentworth's as she sat in her wagon at the junction of the Denmark and Brownfield road talking with another party, and threw her out hurting her quite badly. She was already a lame woman and had used crutches for months, and the results may be worse on that account. The party cared for her, taking her to her home and getting Dr. Brown as soon as possible.

BUCKFIELD.

Miss Ricker has gone to Boston for millinery.

Leonard Prince of New York is visiting his father, K. N. Prince.

Governor's vote, Powers 125, Frank 47, Bateman 19, Ladd 4, Clifford 7.

Rev. Mr. Murray of East Sumner occupied the Methodist pulpit two weeks ago.

S. A. Plummer has returned home from a visit at his old home in New Gloucester.

Mrs. Persis Watson of Massachusetts has lately visited her father, Josiah Hutchinson.

Report says that Rev. Mr. Lawrence of the Baptist church has tendered his resignation.

Chas. Leavitt, an employe on the work train at East Sumner had his head severed from his body week before last.

My report last week of the death of the young wife of Walter Briggs was premature. Mrs. Briggs lives in the eastern part of the town, and the knowledge of her sickness coupled with the report lent the semblance of its being authentic.

Your correspondent visited the large fruit farm of Albion Ricker a short time ago. Mr. Ricker is 81 years of age; though quite lame he has not yet given up business. Two thousand barrels of apples is Mr. Rickers' estimate for this year, besides quantities of pears and other products of the farm, dairying, etc.

GILEAD.

Bert Watson is now at home, having got through work on the merry-go-round.

S. Fogg, who was burned out in Bennett's block, is now located in the parsonage.

Town meeting passed off quietly, vote for governor running Republican 49 to 41, for representative, D. R. Hastings 60, H. P. Wheeler. 35

S. W. Potter, Esq., sends us a bag of nice apples for which we wish to return many thanks through the columns of the BETHEL NEWS.

J. W. Bennett's block, consisting of store, stable and ell, was consumed by fire about ten o'clock last Wednesday night. The fire caught in the stable; cause not known. The property was insured for about three thousand; most of the things were saved, but in a more or less damaged condition. Mr. Bennett is fixing over the "Red" store and will soon be ready for business as usual. It is expected as soon as Mr. Bennett returns from his visit west, that a new and more convenient block will be built on the old spot, as it is the best location in town.

FRYEBURG HARBOR.

Maggie Walker is on the sick list.

The corn shop has been running two weeks and will continue as long as there is any corn.

C. P. Giles, a trader here, jammed his foot badly while taking a barrel of flour down stairs. He is confined to his bed.

School will commence here Oct. 5th, Byron McKeen is to teach. He is well educated and with his good disposition we don't see how he can fail in teaching a good school. We understand Mr. McKeen is studying for a doctor.

The Ezekiel W. Burbank buildings at West Fryeburg, now owned by Rev. Charles S. Young, late pastor of the Congregational church, burned Sunday evening. Loss on building and contents, $2,000; insurance, $1,700. The cause was the explosion of a kerosene lamp.

Mr. Marshall Walker died at his home last Saturday. The Doctor put him under the influence of ether and reset his leg, and had got it partly done up when he quietly passed away. He bid his wife and daughter an affectionate good bye before he took the ether. He suffered very much, and at last had to yield to the last enemy, death. He leaves a loving wife and daughter in great grief, and many other relatives and friends to mourn his loss, but we trust they will meet him in a world to come, where there will be no more pain or death, and the loved ones will be forever with their departed ones. Funeral services took place at the house last Tuesday A. M., at ten o'clock. There was a large gathering of friends and relatives.

GROVER HILL.

Cooler weather!

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Walker were at their home Sunday.

We learn that Dr. J. A. Tyler was in town to attend the Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. James Barrows passed this way last Sunday.

Mrs. Arvilla Wilson and little girl were recent guests at A. B. Grover's.

Mrs. Ada E. Russell of Haverhill, Mass., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Peaslee.

Mrs. A. Bennett and Mrs. Freeland Bennett visited at W. M. Brown's one day last week.

T. L. Maybery, A. B. Grover, Fred Wheeler, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hutchins attended the Fair at Norway last week.

Mrs. Oliver Grover was the recent recipient of a fine bouquet of flowers from a sister who resides in Massachusetts.

E. R. Whitman, who has been enjoying a three week's vacation with relatives and friends in this place, has returned to Worcester, Mass.

John Barker, wife, and little boy returned to their home in Portland last Tuesday, after a pleasant visit with relatives and friends here.

GRAFTON.

Will Pratt was in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Brooks went to Norway last week.

Franc Otis has gone over to Upton to teach school in the Mill district.

Sena Littlehale of Newry is visiting in town. She has recently purchased a new bicycle.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Otis, went to Bethel Friday to pass a day or two with their daughter, Mrs. H. C. Philbrook, returning Sunday.

There was a dance at the schoolhouse last Thursday night, with a supper at Mr. J. G. Reed's. All seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

Fred Allen of Bethel with two of his friends stopped at Rufus Farrar's Monday night and Tuesday morning accompanied by Mr. Farrar started on a trip up the lakes, returning Saturday night.

HER LIFE TRULY SAVED.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Does It.

Mrs. Chas. La Point a well-known resident of Denver, praises this wonderful remedy. Her testimony should convince all as to the worth of the New Heart Cure and Restorative Nervine. Her letter dated Sept. 11th, 1894, reads as follows:

MRS. LA POINT, 2137 Humboldt St.

"Typhoid fever left me with heart trouble of the most serious nature. Nothing the doctors gave had any effect. I had severe pains in the heart, and was unable to lie on my left side for more than three minutes at a time. My heart seemed to miss beats, and I had smothering spells, in which it seemed every breath would be my last. We accidently saw an advertisement of

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure

and Restorative Nervine, and purchased a bottle of each. After taking the remedies a week, I could be lifted in a chair and sit up an hour, and in a short time I was able to do light housework. I shall be ever grateful to you for your wonderful medicines. Truly they saved my life.

MRS. CHAS. LA POINT.

Dr. Miles Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at $1, 6 bottles for $5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Restores Health.

BRYANT'S POND.

Business at the corn shop is rushing this week, and there is a prospect of closing up by Sept. 24. The present season has been the best y et.

The Woodstock fair occurs Wednesday Oct. 7th. The committee propose to make it the most successful one yet. Ball games and concerts by the Bryant's Pond Cornet Band will be a part of the day's exercises.

That Swell Count d'Orsay.

Mrs. Newton Crossland, whom the count once took into dinner, remarked that his hands, "large, white and apparently soft, had not the physiognomy which pleases the critical observer and student of hands,' for they indicated self indulgence." He struck her, moreover, as being "mannish rather than manly, and yet with a touch of effeminacy quite different from that womanlike tenderness which adds to the excellence of man." Thackeray met the splendid humbug in 1850 and describes him as "living in a charming atelier, which he has fitted up for himself with arms and trophies, pictures and looking glasses, the tomb of Blessington, the sword and star of Napoleon, and a crucifix over his bed. And here he dwells," writes the cynic, "without any doubts or remorses, admiring himself in the most horrible pictures which he has painted, and statues which he gets done for him."

The count had received within 12 months of his marriage a sum of £20,000, while Lord Blessington arranged that after his decease a similar sum should be settled upon him for life. So generous a dower—a genuine pretium quelle, as it was—might have made him kindly disposed toward his child wife, who, three years after her marriage, when she had reached the age of 19 grew to be a remarkably handsome woman. Not for her was the "brilliant wit" and "wonderful fascination" which made D'Orsay the pet of society. That was reserved for others.

"Instead of being the wife of her husband and the mistress of her home, she found herself a supernumerary in a circle with which she had no sympathy. Disagreements followed, rebellion set in, and in the autumn of 1831 she and Count d'Orsay separated by mutual consent.—Academy.

The Punishment of the Bagno.

In former times the punishment of the bagno (bath), one of the most cleverly cruel inflictions ever devised by an official of the torture chamber, was administered in Italy, probably in Venice, where the water of the lagoons played so prominent a part in its penal system. The punishment was as follows:

The prisoner was placed in a vat the sides of which were slightly in excess of the average height of a man. In order to hold in check the rising tide of a supply of water which ran into the vat in a constant stream the criminal was furnished with a scoop with which to bale out the water as fast as it came in.

The respite from death by immersion thus obtained was more or less prolonged, according to the powers of endurance possessed by the victim. But imagine the moral torture, the exhausting and even hideously grotesque efforts, the incessant and pitiless toil by night and day, to stave off the dread moment, fast approaching, when, overcome by sleep and fatigue, he was unable to struggle any longer against his fate.—Moniteur du Puy.

An Alphabetical Advertisement.

The following remarkable alphabetical ad. appeared in an issue of the London Times away back in 1842: "To Widowers and Single Gentlemen.—Wanted, by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is agreeable, becoming, careful, desirable, English, facetious, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, keen, lively, merry, natty, obedient, philosophic, quiet, rosy faced, sociable, tasteful, useful, vivacious, womanish, Xantippish, youthful, zealous, etc."—St. Louis Republic.

Working Days.

The average number of working days in a year in various countries is as follows: In Russia, 267; in Britain, 278; in Spain, 290; in Austria, 295; in Italy, 298; in Bavaria and Belgium, 300; in Saxony and France, 302; in Denmark, Norway and Switzerland, 303; in Prussia, 305; in Holland and North America, 308, and in Hungary, 312.

YOU CAN NOT

do better than to buy your

GROCERIES, FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, CANNED GOODS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, ETC.

Of R. E. L. Farwell,

72 MAIN ST., BETHEL, MAINE.

Best Prices Paid for Eggs in Exchange for Goods.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

RELEASE OF A GYPSY MOTH.

A Careless Frenchman's Experiments Have Led to Trouble.

On a certain ill omened day in 1869 a gentle breeze rippled through the streets of a quiet town in eastern Massachusetts. It left chimneys unharmed and hardly rippled a tree, yet if it had been a cyclone it could hardly have done more damage, for in a bare little frame tenement house on a side street stood Pandora's box full of troubles waiting to be spread broadcast over the land, and the breeze furnished the needed key. Presently the owner of the house and of Pandora's box, a Frenchman, known to his neighbors for his curious experiments in silk raising and for his absorption in the study of strange insects, was seen searching anxiously in the grass outside his window. People who saw him said that he seemed much disturbed at the failure of his quest. Well might he be, for he had just let loose one of the plagues of Egypt upon a fair and fertile land. He had lost "le zigsag," and the new world has gained the gypsy moth.

Mr. Trouvelot, the silk grower of Medford, can hardly expect to have his name pleasantly remembered among his quondam townsmen and countrymen, but he should be given credit both for intelligence to foresee the consequences of his negligence and for the candor immediately to give notice of the danger to which the public was exposed. But his warning fell on deaf ears. No one realized that the pest, which is a nuisance rather than a danger in Europe, would gain such headway in a new home, and, freed from its hereditary enemies, was to deviate wherever it went. "It would have been economy, if the future could have been foreseen, to appropriate $1,000,000, if need be, to quarantine the whole neighborhood, to fell the trees, to raze the houses to the ground, to plow the fields under and leave that part of the town a desert. But no one rose to the emergency till it was too late.—Springfield Republican.

A NOVEL EXPERIMENT.

The Startling Result of Firing a Cannon Buried Under Water.

The most curious experiment ever made with a piece of ordnance was at Portsmouth, England. A stage was erected in the harbor within the tide mark; on this an armstrong gun of the 110 pound pattern was mounted. The gun was then loaded and carefully aimed at a target—all this, of course, during the time of low tide. A few hours later, when the gun and the target were both covered with water to a depth of six feet, the gun was fired by means of electricity. We said "aimed at a target," but the facts are that there were two targets, but only one was erected for this special experiment, the other being the hull of an old vessel, the Griper, which lay directly behind the target and in range of the ball. The target itself was placed only 25 feet from the muzzle of the gun. It was composed of oak beams and planks, and was 21 inches thick.

In order to make the old Griper invulnerable, a sheet of boiler plates 8 inches thick was riveted to the waterlogged hull, in direct range with the course the ball was expected to take if not deflected by the water. On all of these—the oaken target, the boiler plates and the old vessel hull—the effect of the shot from the submerged gun was really startling. The wooden target was pierced through and through, the boiler iron target was broken into pieces and driven into its "backing," the ball passing right on through both sides of the vessel, making a huge hole, through which the water poured in torrents. Taken altogether the experiment was an entire success, demonstrating, as it did, the feasibility of placing submerged guns in harbors in time of war and doing great damage to the vessels which an enemy might dispatch to such points for the purpose of shelling cities.—Invention.

Learn to Listen Intelligently.

"Learn, after you have learned to speak, to listen and to listen intelligently," writes Ruth Ashmore on "How to Be a Social Success" in Ladies' Home Journal. "Express your interest through your eyes, and when it is needed say the encouraging word that, like hot water on the tea, brings out the strength. If a speaker mentions a wrong date do not correct her. The world cares for the interesting talk, not for whether the affair described happened on Thursday or Friday, nor whether the bonmot was born at 9 or 1 o'clock. The effect on the speaker is belittling, and you have no right to underrate any one. Chatter about anything you will but personalities. But do not feel that you must raise the tone of society by ringing in, when everybody is laughing at some funny little story about a child or all are smiling at an amusing description of how the orange blossoms grow down south, your opinion of some heavy history that has lately been published. Society is not a school; it is a pleasure ground."

"On Satan's Knees."

A little girl of 5 or so was much puzzled on hearing the lines of the old hymn:

And satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

"Whatever," she asked, "did they want to sit on satan's knees for? I'm sure I should not like to sit on satan's knees at all, and why should he tremble if they were so little?" This is a delightful bit of childish misunderstanding and is half pathetic in its suggestion of how to wander when searching for the meanings of our hieroglyphics.—National Review.

ECONOMY OF SPACE.

A Great Power Generating Station Which Covers but Little Ground.

Probably no other kinds of power plants afford better illustrations of the tendency to concentration than some of the modern splendidly equipped electric stations in large cities, where ground area has closely approached the maximum in value, and in which, therefore, economic considerations have dictated the putting of as much generating apparatus into as little space as human ingenuity would permit, with due regard to satisfactory performance. In some of these stations vertical engines and boilers in large units have been installed to the entire exclusion of horizontal designs, and in others, again, the saving in ground space thus secured has been still further augmented by setting engines and boilers in tiers, one above the other, giving a ratio of horsepower per square foot of ground area which a decade ago would have been thought quite beyond the limits of possibility.

In probably no station in the world has this concentration been carried out to greater degree, or to as great a one even, as in that of the Edison Electric Illuminating company in Duane street, in the city of New York. The ground covered by this measures 200 by 74 feet and within this area provision has been made for nine 2,500 horsepower engines, two of 1,250 horsepower each and three of 600 horsepower, giving a total of very nearly 27,000 horsepower, with a corresponding boiler plant, or only a little less than two horsepower per square foot. It would seem, indeed, as though economy in space could not well be carried much farther.

BRITISH ELOQUENCE.

A Capital Specimen of the Speeches Made In Local Elections.

The following manifesto, copied verbatim from the original poster, is a capital specimen of election eloquence as applied to parochial contests: "Fellow workingmen, gentlemen and ladies, I honorably put myself forward under your very kind notice for a seat on the Swanscombe parish council. Let me tell you as a man that I was the first to give cheap meat on Galley Hill and Swanscombe and all round. I never did and never will hurt a workingman. When times is good, I want to get paid for my very superior food that I always supply, and when times is hard then you can take it at any price you like to feed your wives and children and your families from George Clinch, 'The Peoples only Butcher' in this parish. I shall work hand in hand with the Rev. George Hale to bury the dead at the lowest price and put the poor body deep in mother earth, where they ought to be, and I promise that I shall sell my meat at the same price. I shall also help Mr. Dunbar (for he is an old Toff) to reduce the salaries of clergymen, as it do cost too much for prayers, and we can go up to glory at a less price. I also promise to do more than the last council, for they done nothing, and as Mickey Finn is not standing, but sitting down low, we can do good business and have no Donnybrook fair at our meetings—in fact, gentlemen and ladies, I shall do every mortal thing for the good of your body, and the parson will take care of your departed souls. I shall reduce the rates and get rent for the workingmen cheaper. I shall light up your roads so that you can see them upon a dark moonlight night. The last word I say unto you is, do your duty to yourselves and never mind about me, but put me on the council for your own sake and the interest of the men who get bread by the sweat of their brow."—Household Words.

HYPNOTIZED THE BEARS.

A Story Which Newsome Believes Because Anderson Is Cross Eyed.

J. E. Newsome is a Port Arthur Canadian and Alex Anderson comes from Pearl River. An Englishman named Atwell wanted to get a bear, and Anderson tried to gratify his desire. Newsome told Forest and Stream about it. Atwell was the kind of man who would like to kill a bear in a trap, so Anderson took two bear traps and a lot of bait up a gully near Ouimet, looking for a sign. The Englishman went looking for bears and left Anderson to set the traps.

All of a sudden a big she bear appeared before Anderson at the foot of a tree between a couple of whose roots one trap was to have been set. Not having any gun, Anderson, so Newsome says, determined that hypnotic force had to be used, and that suddenly. Anderson looked the bear in the eyes, and the bear paused; then Anderson made three passes with his hands. The bear leaned its head forward and its eyes bulged out. Having satisfied himself that the bear was properly influenced, Anderson yelled for Atwell, but Atwell was a good way off, and before he could arrive the she bear's 2-year-old and yearling cub came out of the tree at the same time. A yearling cub alone would be a pretty bad fighter at close quarters, especially with a hypnotized mother bear near by liable to come to at any moment, but a 2-year-old cub and a yearling both at once made a mighty serious matter.

But Anderson was fully equal to the emergency. He managed to look at the bears' four eyes at once and soon had them subjugated. Newsome says that he would not have believed Anderson's tale only Anderson is now cross eyed, which he wasn't before, owing to his looking both bears in the eyes at once.

Bismarck's Fateful Pipe.

Prince Bismarck is a great pipe collector, and the gem of his collection has a curious history. Many years ago, as Bismarck was strolling in the suburbs of Friederichsruh with his two hounds, he was accosted by a Bohemian peddler and asked to buy a plain meerschaum pipe of the type that Bismarck most affected. At first Bismarck declined, but the peddler claimed for the pipe a power of forecast and told him he would serve three emperors as minister, and that three important changes in his life would be foretold by accidents befalling the pipe.

Laughing, Bismarck bought the pipe. He has since served three emperors. Two days before the historic moment when he was refused an audience the stem of his pipe separated and went to pieces. Later he chipped a piece from the side of the bowl, and within a month he was practically dismissed by the present emperor. The third sign has yet to come.—Berlin Correspondent.

Dentists' Forceps.

There are about 200 different styles of forceps made for dentists' use, varying in the sizes and forms of the beaks and in the shapes of the handles. A dozen pairs of forceps would probably fill all the requirements of a single dentist, but another dentist, though he might use on the same tooth forceps with the same size and style of beaks, might prefer a pair with a different grip to the handles, and forceps are made not only to suit every need in practice, but every personal requirement of the practitioner.—New York Sun.

Systems of Law In Germany.

No fewer than five systems of law are in use in Germany. In moving from one place to another tourists are often greatly puzzled when they find that an act perfectly allowable in one state is a crime in another. A still greater confusion often results when the right of property is considered.

The Period.

"Why do you call her a girl of the period?"

"Well, she comes right to the point for one thing."—Detroit Tribune.

How to Hide a Dog.

I saw a woman stop at the entrance to one of the big railroad stations the other day, remove her mackintosh and seize a handful or so of dog which had been trotting along beside her.

It was a very wise looking dog, with long hair, which all but hid two eyes that told of rare sagacity.

"Don't you dare move!" she said to the woolly thing. "Do you hear?" The dog heard and seemed to understand. "If you make any more noise, you're a dead dog," she continued. The woolly thing, by its eyes, seemed to say that it understood.

She hid it under the cape of her mackintosh, and one could have sworn that she had nothing under the cape but her arm. I supposed that she was going only a little way out of town. To my surprise, she bought a sleeper ticket and paid $10 for her regular transportation.

There was never a whine or a motion under the cape as she offered her ticket to be punched and passed through to the train. The woolly thing knew, it seemed, that dire things would befall if the sleeper were not reached in silence. Nothing short of X ray glasses would have betrayed her mistress.—New York Herald.

StoveS

ALL { Kinds Sizes Prices

HASTINGS BROS.

Suits that Suit.

That's the kind we sell. It will take an expert to tell whether they are made by the best custom tailor or ready made.

The style is equal and they have the dressy finish that makes them look like the made to order kind. The suits do not only look well but they fit nicely and feel easy.

Our assortment represents every fabric that one can wish. In brief, our stock this season represents

Honest, Earnest and Intelligent Efforts

to secure the best clothing for the least money. As for prices—we can sell you a suit for $4.00 lots of cotton in it but a good suit for the money. Better ones for $5.00. A good substantial business suit for $6.50. Black Cheviots and Scotch Mixtures for $7.50 to $9. We have the black worsted suit in the market for $10 Others from $10. to $15. Have you seen our new underwear?

Money back if not suited.

H. B. FOSTER,

NORWAY,

Opera House Block. MAINE.

BLUE STORE.

All ready to Clothe you this fall with the

Grandest Display & Greatest Bargains

ever offered in Oxford County.

Our specials in Men's Suits at $5.00, $7.50, $10.00, are equal to those you will find elsewhere at from $2. to $3. more.

Mens Over Coats and Ulsters $10.00. We have tried to see how much value we could give you for your money. These are elegant goods and equal to any you will elsewhere find at $12. to $13.

We have cheaper ones at $7.50, $7.00, $5.00, $4.50. Every one of them bargains.

Fur Coats. If you think of buying one this fall it will pay you to go 50 miles to buy of us. Big line to select from.

Special in Underwear. For 65¢, 4 pieces $2.50, heavy wool fleeced, sold in other places from 85¢ to $1. Underwear of every description from 25¢ to $2.

If you are thinking of having clothes made it will pay you to visit us

Custom Tailoring

arry a fine line of Woolens and Worsteds to select from, guarantee perfect fits and sell at low prices.

You'll come to the Oxford County Fair, won't you? If you do don't go home until you visit us. You'll see the finest display of Clothing and Furnishings ever displayed in the County.

Goods never were as cheap as now. Come and see us.

Blue Store, - - Norway, Maine.

NOYES & ANDREWS, Props.

BURIAL CASKETS

Cloth Covered and Polished, at low prices for first quality of goods; also Metallic Caskets in adult sizes. Embalming done and Embalming Fluid for sale.

N. B.— A good Hearse will be furnished and funerals attended at short notice. We carry a good assortment of

FURNITURE

In all the various kinds, which will be sold at satisfactory prices. Also Carpeting and Curtain Fixtures, Baby Carriages, Children's Wagons and Carts, Spring Beds and Mattresses.

Pictures Framed to order at short notice and Glass furnished for pictures.

MIRRORS

And Mirror Plates for Old Frames.

Furniture of all kinds promptly repaired. Perforated Chair Seats for old frames.

E. B. GODDARD,

Opposite M. E. Church.

Bethel - - Me.

For Ladies' Comfort.

Men are somewhat selfish in wishing to monopolize sympathy during the hot months. What about the fair sex? Don't the ladies suffer as much, or more? The heat affects their nerves just as it does men's tempers. Their chief relief lies in cool clothing, and the coolest this season is found in our handsome stock of

Washable Dress Goods

We have an infinite variety of them light in texture, weight and colors, from 12c. a yard upwards. But the stock is limited, and the goods are popular, two reasons why the ladies should not delay in securing

Certain Summer Comfort.

GILMAN P. BEAN,

COR. CHURCH & MAIN ST.

GOULD'S ACADEMY,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Fall Term Opens Tues. Sept. 1, 1896.

Four courses of study offered. Good facilities for board, or rooms for self boarding. Catalogue or other information gladly furnished on application to the Principal or to G. R. Wiley, Sec'y of Board of Trustees.

FRED W. FLOOD, A. B., Prin.

THE SLEEPING KINGS.

The breath that swelled the bugle blast
Or woke the warcry's stormy thrill,
Though cold the breasts it kindled last
Is heard in freedom's anthems still.

Our sacred slain! In death they won
A cause whose justice never dies;
And all our land from sun to sun
Is radiant with their sacrifice.

First heroes of a final strife,
The proud degrees of fame they fill;
Enrobed from the files of life
To kings by right of brave good will.

Each rules in sleep a conquered realm.
We ask not here what pillowed head
Wore corded hat or feathered helm.
They all are crowned among the dead.

We own our sway, our homage decks
With offerings sweet their chambers green,
Their scepters touch our reverent necks
As round their silent thrones we lean.

No tears for them. Imperial yet
Their honors bloom with rich increase;
And all a nation's love is set
To guard their palaces of peace.

Bring tribute to their perished prime,
Their country's loss, our freedom's gain;
And, wreathed with fairest flowers of time,
In glory let them rest and reign.
—Theron Brown in Youth's Companion.

Coal In Alaska.

Many shrewd people in Alaska are beginning to think there would be more money just now in the coal resources of the country than in the much talked about gold mines. The gold mines do not appear to be panning out so well lately—that is, in comparison with the cost of the whole process of getting to the mines and living there while getting out the gold. The business seems to have been somewhat overboomed. But several experts who have lately been prospecting the coal resources of the coast region believe coal getting could be made immediately profitable.

On the east shore of Cook's inlet there is a big vein of coal fully five feet thick, entirely exposed at low tide. All that is necessary to get the coal is to take a crowbar and pry it out in as big blocks as desired. A recent investigation of this deposit showed that 20 feet below the first vein is another vein 6 feet thick, and three other veins were found in the immediate neighborhood. All the veins are horizontal and extend for miles along the shore. Considerable quantities of this coal have been used by the steamship Chehalis, which runs between Juneau and Cook's inlet, and the chief engineer says it has better steaming qualities than the British Columbian coal and is in many respects better than any other coal procurable on the Pacific coast. It does not clinker at all.

Some San Francisco people sent a big bark, with a scow and a party of miners, to this place last winter, and the bark was loaded with the coal at very little cost, and the cargo brought the speculators considerable profit. One miner has already squatted on 600 acres of the property, and others are following his example.—New York Sun.

News Indeed.

A geography published in 1818 contains the following startling description of that section of our country which Charles Dudley Warner has baptized "Our Italy:"

"California is a wild and almost unknown land, covered throughout the year by dense fogs, as damp as they are unhealthful. On the northern shores live anthropophagi, and in the interior are active volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snow, which sometimes shoot up columns to inconceivable heights."

The book adds that some of these statements would seem incredible were they not so well authenticated by trustworthy travelers!

Reaped the Advantage of Being Dead.

A well known Italian poet hit on a neat plan for securing the distinction that comes from death, without the pains. He published a striking volume of lyrics, affixed an unknown name to it, and in a laudatory preface told of the bard's wretched life and early untimely taking off, even pointing out for the benefit of admirers the position of his tomb in a certain cemetery. The book had all the flavor of genius perished in its young promise, and secured a big sale, a deluge of sentimental tears being shed by countless damsels over the dead singer. And when the deceased unknown was secure in his posthumous reputation and had raked in shekels enough to make the publication a good thing on the business side the well known poet came out with the confession that no such young writer had ever existed. The name was a pen name adopted by himself. The bogus death was a device he had invented. The success of his peculiar log rolling caused a sensation, arousing indignation or amusement, as it happened, but on the whole vastly helping his own selling powers.—Hartford Courant.

Birds Shun Sour Cherries.

Birds are said to have a sweet tooth as well as members of the human family and can tell a sweet cherry from a sour cherry better than the average boy, who is supposed to know more about cherries than any other creature. They certainly let alone the sour class of cherries, as the Morellos are usually termed, when they have the chance of foraging on the sweeter kinds. For this reason the Morello, or "pie," cherries are much more popular around cities where birds and boys are likely to be troublesome. A point not generally known is that these trees usually grow as dwarfs, but make quite large trees when grafted on the Mazzard stock. They grow dwarf and are very productive when grafted on the Mahaleb. If not quite as productive as when grown on the latter, the fruit is much finer in every respect, and for this reason as well as from the fact that they make larger trees they are more popular for the situations indicated.—Meehan's Monthly.

Portraits and "Pictures."

If one can give the portrait and make a picture at the same time, so much the better, but if the portrait be given with frankness and sincerity, if the model be rendered with knowledge and truth, the result will be a picture—a work of art—whether the painter so designs it or not. Holbein and Velasquez told the exact truth about their sitters, and their simpler portraits are today their better pictures, Lawrence and his followers in devoting themselves to "stunning" effects not only compromised the likeness, but made the picture bizarre by emphasis in the wrong place. The tale has been more than twice told in the history of art. A simple truth is always better than an ornate falsehood.—Scribner's.

Very few people know the sound of their own voice. When they hear it in a phonograph they are much surprised.

It is estimated that in England one woman in every six earns her own living.

A BURNED FINGER.

My father was a boiler maker and at an early age I entered his shop. In my twentieth year I was a master workman and was always put where hardest toil and greatest skill were needed. These tasks I also always sought, for thus I gained the best payment, not from a miserly motive, but that I might win a home for my Margaret, whom I had learned to love even in my boyhood. Daily I added to the little store intended for that purpose and joyed in the work, for love made labor a delight, and each day's work brought me nearer my heart's desire.

One September night I had sought my bed, wearied with a day of hardest toil, when a messenger from my employer brought me word that I was needed to repair a boiler at the largest gunmaking works in the city. I felt too tired to go, but they would have no workman but me, and the job must be done that night, since the factory was engaged in a large contract which must not be delayed. Night work meant double pay, and every extra shilling gained hastened my marriage day, so I forced my wearied limbs to agreement with my will and hurried through the dark streets to my labor. The boiler was of the old two flue style, and the leak was in the far end of one of the flues.

The job was slow and painful. I was forced to do most of the work while lying upon my back, but by the aid of the engineer and the stoker I had nearly finished it by 2 o'clock. There was but an hour's work at trimming and calking, which I could easily finish without their aid, so I let them go to gain a few hours' rest before their daily work began. Lack of sleep and the painful labor in a confined position had so benumbed my senses that as I struck the last blow I sank back and fell into the deepest slumber. How long I lay thus I know not. At last I dreamed that I was bound to the deck of a sinking ship, and my helpless frame was awash with the lapping waves. Now in a dumb stupor, between sleeping and waking, I felt their cold touch, and shrieking with terror I awoke. I was enshrouded in pitchy darkness. The swash of water still filled my ears; its clammy chilliness was stiffening my limbs, and its rising tide was covering my body as I lay nerveless with dread.

But I was by nature quick of thought and in a moment recognized the full horror of my situation. While I was prostrate in deepest sleep the engineer had returned to his work for the day, and, supposing me long ago gone, had replaced the boiler head and was filling the boiler with water. For a moment I lost my manliness and became a madman. I screamed with rage, cursed and struck the cold iron of my tomb with clinched fists. I cried out against the cruelty of God and man which had imprisoned me, who had never harmed his fellow man and destined me to so cruel a death. Thieves, ruffians and murderers were free to enjoy the blue sky and glorious sunlight, while I, an honest workman, was entombed alive, to be slowly drowned, or, still worse, seethed like a lobster. The heat of my rage overcame the chill of the surrounding water and fevered my blood, yet the cold enveloping of my cruel shroud closed tighter about me. Then a sullen calmness replaced my passion, and I resolved to die without a sob. I could never forgive the injustice of my unmerited punishment, but I could at least die with dignity. So I sat listlessly till suddenly the thought of the grief of my parents and the long suffering of my betrothed at my mysterious disappearance roused me to energy. I would fight for my life. There must be, there should be some mode of escape. Never would I be drowned, like a rat in a flooded drain, without a struggle for life and freedom. Quick thought racked my brain. I seized my hammer, crawled to the front and struck, with all my force, upon the boiler head. But before it was an iron hood, which deadened all sound to those without. But, though their senses were so dull, mine were quickened to an unnatural sharpness, and a new sound more piercing and more heartrending overpowered the splash of the falling water. It was the roar of the fire in the furnace below. Death by drowning was far less frightful than the one that now threatened me.

There was but one hope, one chance of escape. If I could burst a hole through this cruel iron and flood the blazing coals, I might save myself. Among my tools was a punch. Slowly I crawled through the water, growing sensibly warm, to the place where I had been working and groped till I found it. Back in the same weariesome way till near the furnace door, I placed the punch in position, and, praying God's aid, I struck with all my force. But, alas, the depth of the water caused my hammer to rebound, and a lukewarm splash upon my face showed me that my escape must be quicker than the quick death that threatened or it would never be. How could my blow be made effective? Suddenly a thrill of hope shot through my mind. I recalled a long countersink which I had been using. With this I might so lengthen the punch as to strike an effective blow. A third journey of anguish through the water, now almost hot, brought me, with my last hope, to the place where I had been trying to pierce the boiler plate. Putting the countersink upon the punch and holding their junction with my left hand, I prayed this time both to God and to my Margaret and again struck a mighty blow. The tools flew apart, my left hand was frightfully bruised, but God and Margaret be thanked! I felt the iron yield beneath the punch. Again I placed them and again I struck. Blow followed blow, and, though the heat was torture and the bruises martyrdom, joy filled my heart, for I felt the depression growing deeper at each stroke. At last the punch burst through the opposing iron. I heard the fierce hiss of the water as it struck the blazing coals and the clang of the furnace door as the astonished stoker swung it, to learn the cause of the steam's sudden escape. I quickly thrust my finger through the hole amidst the rushing water and heard his scream of terror at the sight. Then the quick fall of the rake upon the coals as the fire was drawn fell like angels' voices upon my ear, and I knew no more. When I regained my senses, many days afterward, Margaret was sitting by my bedside, and I, a mangled wreck, was lying therein. Seven and thirty years ago this was, and still I often wake in agony from my sleep and hear the rush of water, the roar of flames and the sharp hiss of steam.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Had Lost His Suppleness.

A gentleman who had been somewhat of an athlete in his younger days was telling his growing sons of the feats of agility and strength which he used to perform and promised to put them up a trapeze. According to promise, the gentleman went to the barn with his boys and rigged the ladder in horizontal fashion about 10 feet from the floor. When everything was ready, he of course thought he would "show off" a bit before his children.

He stepped out on the ladder by way of the loft and was soon swinging from it, holding to a round with both hands. The children laughed gleefully, and emboldened by his success the father attempted to hang head downward by his toes, one of his favorite feats in his athletic days. He got down all right, but he couldn't get back. He tried two or three times, but it was no use. Then he got excited. His head was several feet from the floor. If he fell, he might break his neck. Meanwhile the blood was rushing to his head until he thought it would split open.

"Fetch some hay, quick!" he shouted to the now terrified boys. "Put some hay under my head!"

The children quickly brought great armfuls of hay and piled it beneath him, and just as his wife, alarmed by the screaming, came in at the barn door he fell. He was black in the face, and it required several minutes of active work on the part of his weeping wife to restore him to consciousness. He was stiff and sore the next day and unable to attend to his business in the city, but he was able to restore the ladder to its former upright position in a corner of the barn.—Providence Journal.

GETTIN HOME.

All the way from Jersey the air's been gettin lighter,
Grass is greener, sky is cleaner, cherry blossoms whiter.
Everything I smile upon is answerin with laughter—
Must be plain enough to see what I'm goin after.

All the way from Jersey my mind's been gettin clearer,
Every creature of old nature seems a little nearer.
Fog has lifted, an the sun has set the bees a-hummin—
They seem to sing a song today of welcome to my comin.

All the way from Jersey the buildin's gettin higher,
Plows a-workin easier an swamps a little drier.
Lilacs perfidin as I pass, peaches gettin pinker,
An every "barefoot" in the class is out with line an sinker.

All the way from Jersey the bell has been a-ringin,
I'm certain that she heard it—I'm surer that she's singin,
An she will meet me at the gate, my darlin little treasure,
With kisses that could scarcely wait for papa in their pleasure.
—George E. Bowen in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Formerly a Greater Pest In England Than at the Present Day.

Formerly the "common scold"—the woman who made her neighbors' lives intolerable with her raging temper, her bitter tongue, her slanders and calumnies—was found everywhere. Laws were passed recognizing her as one kind of criminal. There were two forms of punishment by which she was repressed or deterred or cowed into gentleness—viz, the cucking stool and the brank. The cucking stool assumed various shapes, but it generally consisted of a chair on one end of a beam, which rested on a bar so as to make a seesaw. Sometimes the chair was hung from the beam by a chain. The culprit being tied on the chair, the other end of the beam went up and the chair went down into the water, sousing the woman completely. They did this three times, after which they let her go.

Such stools belonged to nearly every parish. Like the stocks and the pillory, they formed part of the furniture of justice. For instance, about London, there was one on Bankside with which they ducked the wives of the players. There was one at Radcliffe, one at Kingston-on-Thames, and there was one which stood till the beginning of this century beside the great pond or reservoir of the Green park.

Apparently the chair and the cold bath did not completely destroy the female tendency to scold, for it was found necessary to invent another punishment, which was extensively adopted, although not authorized by the law. This was the "brank," or "scold's bridle," which consisted of a small cage formed by iron hoops to fit the head, with a piece of iron which pressed the tongue and formed the gag. Thus adorned, the scold was either led or carried about the town for all the world to see. Sometimes she was placed on a high scaffold. The brank was used in some places down to the beginning of the century. Its disuse, its disappearance, make one incline to the belief that the scold has also disappeared. However, such is not the case. The disease or infirmity of scolding still exists, but in a much milder form. The mildness of the modern form is mainly due to the improved conditions of life.

Two hundred years ago the village household was insufficiently fed; the quality as well as the quantity of the food was bad; work was hard; men were rough; husbands beat their wives habitually; in cold weather they were thinly clad; in hot weather their clothes were too thick. If there was any indulgence possible, it took the form of beer. Tea did not exist. Children, hungry and cold, cried all day and all night; everything combined to exasperate a woman. What wonder if, from time to time, she lost control of herself and became copiously eloquent over her wrongs? Things have greatly improved. The husband no longer—or very seldom—beats his wife; the food has become cheap; wages have gone up; luxuries, formerly unattainable, have become necessaries; the scold is dying out of the land because there is so little left to scold about.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A WOMAN'S ARM.

Well Known Sculptor Describes It as the Perfect One Should Be.

"I find great difficulty in getting a model with good arms," said a well known sculptor recently. "It is astonishing how very few women have arms that conform to the standard. A perfect arm measured from the armpit to the wrist joint should be twice the length of the head. The upper part of the arm should be large, full and well rounded. The forearm must not lie too flat, not nearly so flat as a man's, for example. A dimple at the elbow adds beauty to a well proportioned arm.

"From a well molded shoulder the whole arm should taper in long, graceful curves to a symmetrical and rounded wrist. It is better to have an arm that harmonizes even if the parts do not follow the generally accepted lines. For instance, a full, round upper arm which is joined to a flat or thin forearm has a very bad effect. It is only a degree worse, however, than a graceful, well molded forearm tacked on to a thin, scrawny upper arm.

"Correctness of form is not the only thing necessary for a good arm. The owner must possess the power of expression in her arms. As a general thing American women are deficient in this. Those nationalities which show the most expression in their arms are the Spanish, French and Italians. The warmest admirer of Sarah Bernhardt would not claim that she had beautiful arms, yet no one can say that the divine Sarah ever appears ungainly in consequence. Much more lies in the faculty of arm expression than is generally supposed."—Boston Post.

Unhappy Austria.

The cruel humiliation Austria suffered in Italy was followed by the crushing blow at Sadowa and the not less painful collapse of a brother's ambitions in Mexico. If the dignity of a Cæsar was to be saved for the Hapsburgs out of the wreck, it seemed most likely to be achieved on the lines suggested by Count Beust. The choice once made, it was impossible to turn back. What is given as a boon to distressed nationalities in the name of progress cannot afterward be withdrawn on the plea of prudence. The result is pathetic, but there is no help for it.

We see Croats, Ruthenians, Poles, Servians, Wallachs and the rest of the half barbarous hordes cutting one another's throats when they are not combining to insult the civilized Hungarians and Germans, whose fate it is to be their neighbors. We see Vienna itself in the hands of a fanatical anti-Semitic rabble, and we see the power of the only capable parliamentary party in Austria broken by hopeless dissensions. Truly the domestic state of the empire is nothing less than pitiable. Its influence in Europe is also a thing of the past. The Balkan states, which were its props in the south, have publicly gone over to Russia, and its solitary remaining protection against dismemberment is the alliance with Italy, which covets Dalmatia, and with Germany, which is moving heaven and earth to establish secret relations with Russia.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR AMPUTATION.

The Antiseptic Method Which Dr. Reclus Advocates and Adopts.

A new and simple mode of treatment has been introduced in France by which, it is claimed, a large proportion of injured limbs now usually amputated can be saved. The method, which is due to Dr. Reclus, was recently described before the French congress of surgery and is thus explained:

"Whatever the extent or gravity of the lesions, he (Dr. Reclus) never, under any circumstances, amputates the injured limb, but merely wraps it in antiseptic substances by a veritable embalming process, leaving nature to separate the dead from the living tissues. This method of treatment possesses the double advantage of being much less fatal than surgical exeresis and of preserving for the use of the patient, if not the entire limb, at any rate a much larger part than would be left after amputation. He advocates this very conservative treatment on account of the excellent effects of hot water, which he uses freely. After the skin has been shaved and cleansed from all fatty substances by ether, etc., in the usual way, a jet of hot water 60 to 62 degrees C. (140 to 144 degrees), but not higher, is made to irrigate all the injured surfaces and to penetrate into all the hollows and under all the detached parts of the wound, without exception. This is the only way of removing all clots and to wash away all foreign bodies, together with the micro-organisms they may contain. The advantages of hot water at this high temperature are threefold—(1) hot water at this temperature is antiseptic; heat greatly increases the potency of antiseptic substances; (2) it is hemostatic (that is, stanches the flow of blood); (3) it helps to compensate for the loss of heat resulting from the bleeding, and especially from the traumatic shock. After the embalming process and the dead tissue has been separated from the living, the surgeon has nothing to do except to divide the bone at a suitable spot. According to Reclus, the results obtained are remarkable."—Hospital.

PATIENT TRAINING.

He Knew How to Train Elephants, but a Boy Was Too Much For Him.

"How long has it taken you to train these elephants?" asked the reporter.

"I've had 'em threee years," replied the keeper. "Been training 'em steady all that time."

"Do you have to be severe with them?"

"Always. If ever you let an elephant get the upper hand of you just once, you're a goner. If you try to boss him and he finds you're afraid of him, he'll watch his chance and kill you. An elephant ain't ruled by love."

"But you reward him when he has learned his lesson all right, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. He knows if he goes through his performance without a break he'll get a tidbit of some kind, and if he doesn't he'll get the pitchfork. And sometimes we have to give him the pitchfork anyhow."

"Doesn't it require a great deal of patience to train an elephant?"

"Now you're talking, young man. It takes more patience than anything else in this world. An elephant is a mighty smart animal, but he's tricky. When you think you've got him all right, he'll take a wrong shoot, and you have to do it all over again. Patience? You don't know what the word means unless you've trained an elephant."

"Is this your boy here?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to make an elephant trainer of him?"

"I used to think I would, but I've given it up."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Well, he's too hard to manage. I haven't the patience, I guess."—Chicago Tribune.

Jungles of Guiana.

The vegetation of the Guianas is devouring mass of green, which steadily encroaches, and is kept down only by the ceaseless warfare of one plant upon another. A tree springs up and finds its way to the top by its energy. It is no sooner established than a parasite begins to climb its trunk and lace itself around the tree, until finally the grip of the parasite kills the tree, and both fall to ruin and decay, leaving a space, which is immediately occupied by new forms.

To penetrate such a jungle is impossible without the use of a machete and ax. To keep a path open requires constant cutting. If you shoot a bird or an animal, it falls perhaps not more than 300 feet away, but it may require a half hour or an hour to reach it, and unless you can shoot from a canoe and can drop the bird into the water as a rule you cannot find your game after it is killed. Words cannot describe the beauty of this mass of green, vigorous vegetation, nor can one comprehend the difficulty of conquering such a wilderness unless one has actually grappled with it.—W. Nephew King in Century.

The Crab Caught On.

M. Patenotre, the French embassador, went crabbing with a party one day at Cape May. He soon caught a crab, and, not being familiar with the character of the creature, he grasped it with his left hand. Then the crab promptly caught him, and the embassador was evidently both pained and surprised. He instinctively grasped it with his right hand, and the crab, not to be outdone, seized his right hand. At this point the captain of the yacht came to the rescue of M. Patenotre, who remarked: "Ze tenacity of ze creature is so very much Americaine."—New York Tribune.

When the sewing machine was invented, the prediction was made that it would lighten the labor of women. As a fact, it increased the number of frills.

The fee to be paid for certified copies of patents and other papers in manuscript or typewritten is 10 cents per 100 words.

He Wondered.

"My faith in human nature—woman, human nature—is strengthened," remarked a hotel proprietor the other morning, as he opened his mail; "here is a towel belonging to the house, returned to me with a line from a recent woman guest that it was inadvertently carried away by her. I wonder," went on this wicked man ruminatively, "if the fact that the hotel name, in large letters, is across one end has anything to do with this rather unusual bit of feminine honesty?"—New York Times.

A Woman Helped.

There was a discussion recently in the Scranton (Pa.) Truth regarding the inventor of the cotton gin. The Truth quotes the testimony of Professor J. Colton Byne of Georgia, given some time since in the Boston Woman's Journal, as conclusive that the honor of the invention justly belongs to Mrs. Catherine Greene. It was Eli Whitney who invented the first model of the cotton gin, while a tutor in Mrs. Greene's family. But it would not work until Mrs. Greene invented an additional appliance. It was she who made it a practical success.

A LOVE POEM.

"Your boy is a thief,"
They soberly said
To a dear little mother one day—
"Your boy is a thief.
We have found it out;
He has stolen our hearts away.

"Such quaint little tales,
Such droll little ways
And such merry, childish play
Have made us forget
We are old and worn
And have stolen our hearts away."

"My boy is so sweet,
So good and so true,"
Said the dear little mother that day,
"I am glad he is rich
In the best of best things
And has stolen your hearts away."
—Katharine B. Walker in Boston Globe.

AN ABRUPT COURTSHIP.

How an English Methodist Preacher Wooed and Was Accepted.

"A good story is told of an English minister who lived about 70 years ago," said Uncle Dave. "We may call him Smith, and he was a bachelor. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he had reached a tolerably ripe age, and he himself began to feel the need of or at least began to have new ideas of the comfort of being nursed with woman's gentle care. Shortly after entering one of the circuits a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was strongly recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he would better get married, representing that the lady named would not refuse to accept him, notwithstanding his eccentricities.

"'Do you think tho?' said the dominie, for he had a very perceptible lisp. 'Then I'll go and thee her.'

"He was as good as his word. His ring at the doorbell was answered by the serving maid. 'Ith Mith P. within?' briskly but calmly asked the lover. 'Yes, sir. Will you kindly walk in?' 'No, I thank you. Be kind enough to thay to Mith P. that I with to thpeak to her a moment.' Miss P. appeared and repeated the invitation to walk in.

"'No, thank you. I'll thoon explain my bithneth. I'm the new Methodist preacher. I'm unmarried. My friends think I'd better marry. They recommend you for a wife. Have you any objections?'

"'Why, really, Mr. Sm—'

"'There, don't anther now. Will call thith day week for your reply. Good day.'

"On that day he appeared at the door of Miss P.'s residence. It was promptly opened by the lady herself.

"'Walk in, Mr. Smith.'

"'Can't indeed, ma'am. Pleath anther me. Yeth or no?'

"'Well, Mr. Smith, it is a very serious matter. I should not like to get out of the way of Providence'—

"'I perfectly understand you, Mith P. We will be married thith day week. I will call at thith hour. Pleath be ready, ma'am.'

"He called on that day week at that hour. She was ready. They were married and lived happily several years."—Boston Herald.

Some Royal Crowns.

The crowns of Spain, Portugal and Poland are all three of the same form, and are described by Colonel Parsons in his "Genealogical Tables of Europe" as "ducal coronets heightened up with eight arched diadems supporting a mound, ensigned with a plain gold cross." The crowns of Denmark and Sweden are of almost similar shape, consisting of the eight arched diadems, rising from a marquis' coronet (a circle of gold bordered with ermine, set round with four strawberry leaves and as many pearls on pyramidical points of equal height, alternate), which conjoin at the top under a mound ensigned with a cross botonnee. The kings of most other continental countries are crowned with circles of gold, adorned with precious stones and heightened up with large "trefoils," and closed by four, six or eight diadems supporting a mound surmounted by a cross. The trefoil upon the crown is thought to be of Gothic introduction.

We find it upon the coins of Clovis and his sons, which has induced antiquaries to call it the "flower de luce" (the lily of France represented in gold on a blue ground), but, the fact is, these trefoils were used on Constantinopolitan crowns before the time of the Franks, and afterward on those of German princes in no way allied to Charlemagne. Aubrey, a celebrated authority upon heraldry, was of opinion that the flower de luce is really nothing more than a spearhead adorned, no flower of the lily kind having the middle part solid. The sultan of Turkey bears over his arms a turban, enriched with pearls and diamonds, under two coronets, the first of which is made of pyramidical points, heightened up with large pearls, and the uppermost is surmounted with crescents.—Chambers' Journal.

Woman as an Inventor.

It has long been a stock argument against the originality of the feminine mind that, while women are excellent in the imitative arts, they cannot invent. Now the chairman of the committee on women's inventions of the Atlanta exposition says that the number of women's patents she has collected is too large to be accommodated in the space set apart for them. As it is reasonably to be assumed that these selected inventions were good ones the woman of the century has scored another point against her traditional critics. — Baltimore American.

A Child's Logic.

"Look here, Cesarino, your father is right down stingy. He is a shoemaker, and still he lets you go about with your boots all in holes!"

"That's nothing compared with your father. He's a dentist, and your little brother has only got a single tooth."—Carlino.

Cut a piece of fat from the meat to be broiled and rub thoroughly the wires or slats of broiler and turn meat in about five seconds; in some time turn again and let broil until light brown, then turn on to warm plate. Hot plate makes meat tough.

Living Stones In Falkland.

The most curious specimens of vegetable or plant life in existence are the so called "living stones" of the Falkland islands. Those islands are among the most cheerless spots in the world, being constantly subjected to a strong polar wind. In such a climate it is impossible for trees to grow erect, as they do in other countries, but nature has made amends by furnishing a supply of wood in the most curious shape imaginable.

The visitor to the Falklands sees scattered here and there singular shaped blocks of what appear to be weather beaten and moss covered bowlders in various sizes. Attempt to turn one of these "bowlders" over, and you will meet with a surprise, because the stone is actually anchored by roots of great strength—in fact, you will find that you are fooling with one of the native trees. No other country in the world has such a peculiar "forest" growth, and it is said to be next to impossible to work the odd shaped block into fuel, because it is perfectly devoid of "grain" and appears to be nothing but a twisted mass of woody fibers.—London Exchange.

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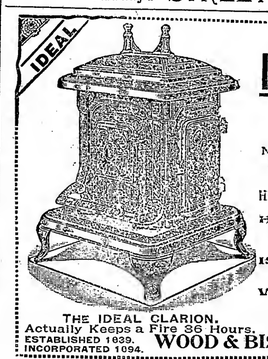

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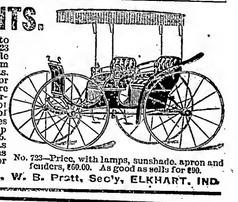

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